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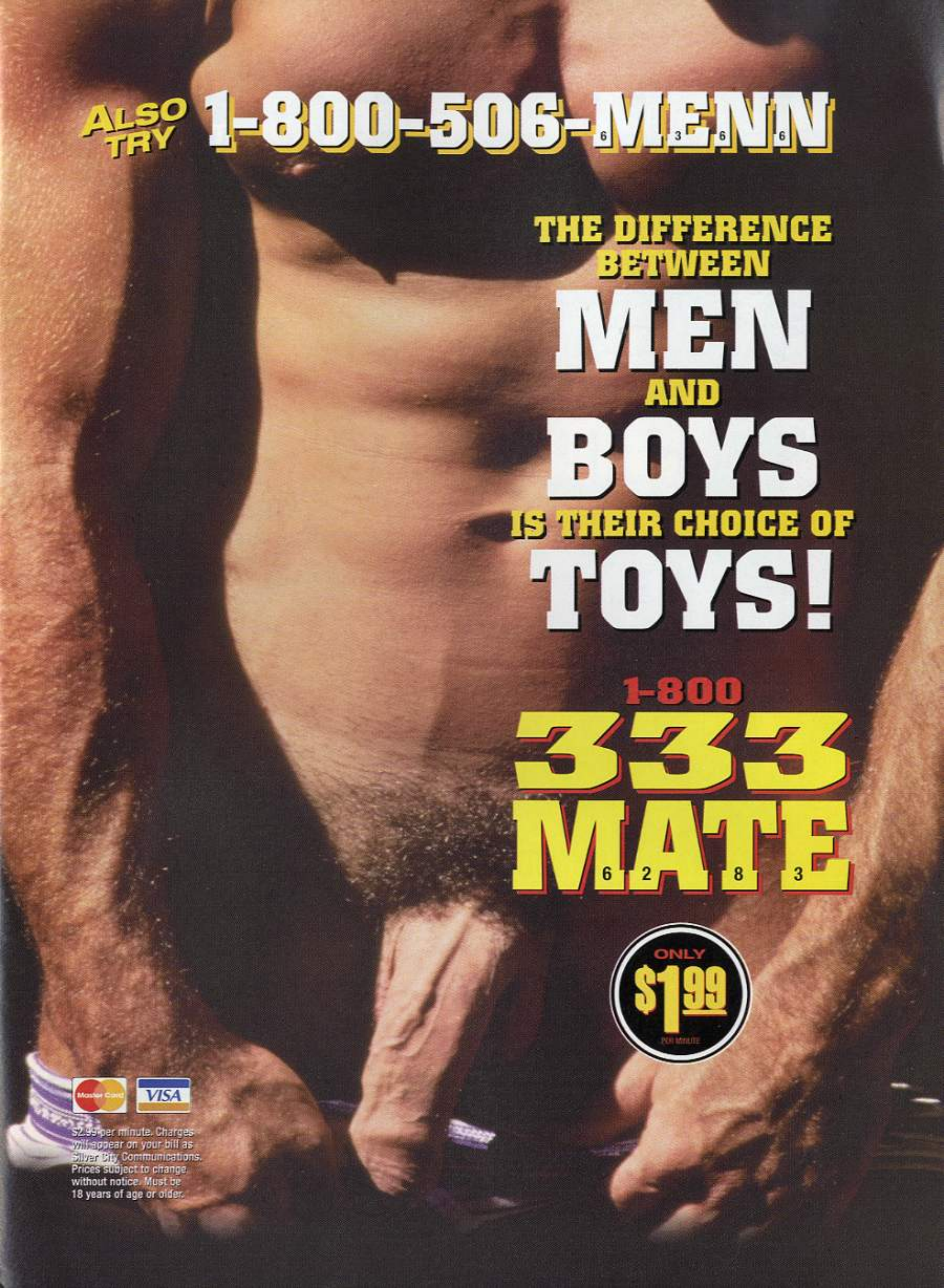
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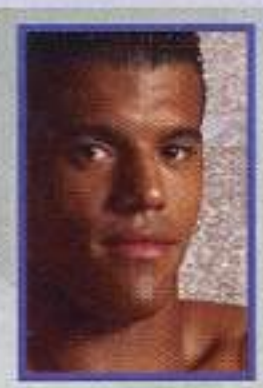

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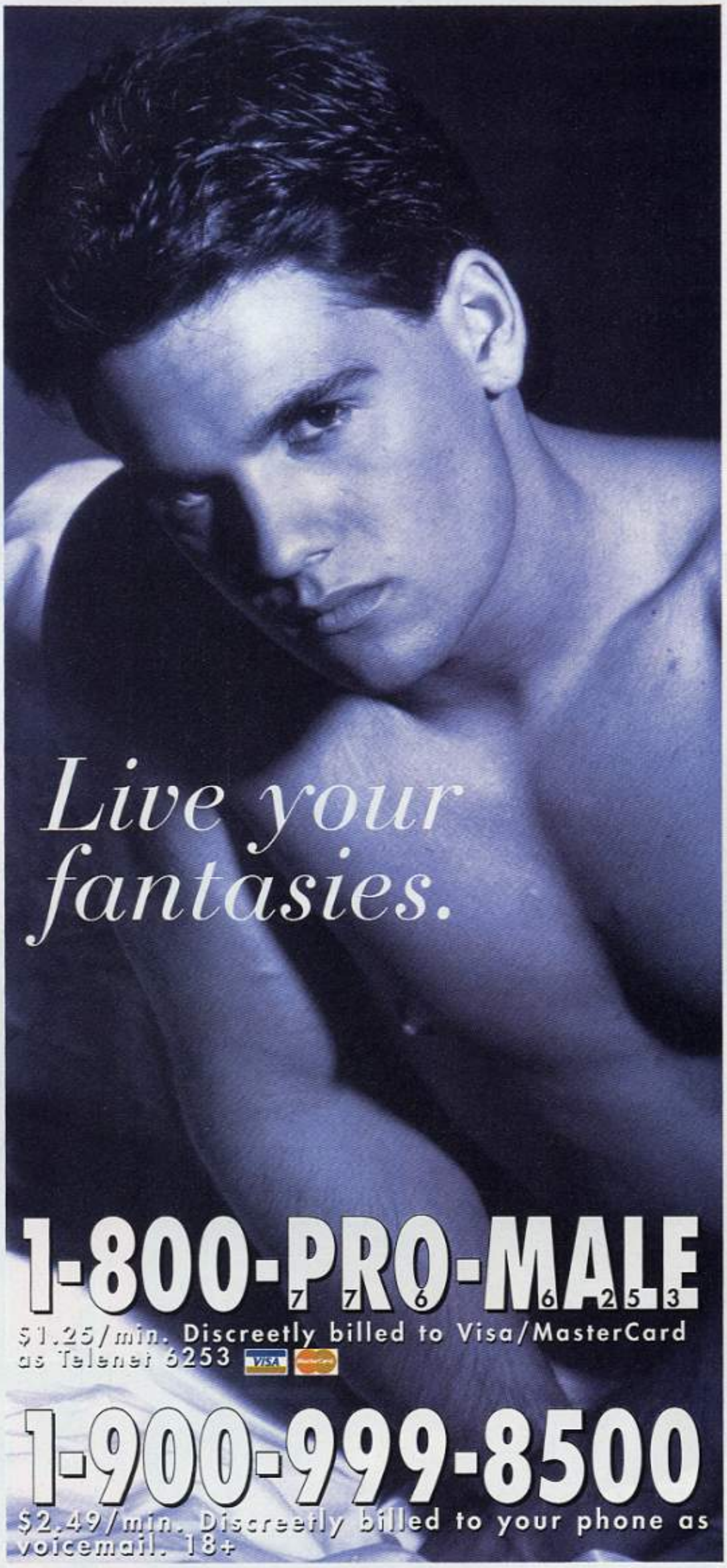
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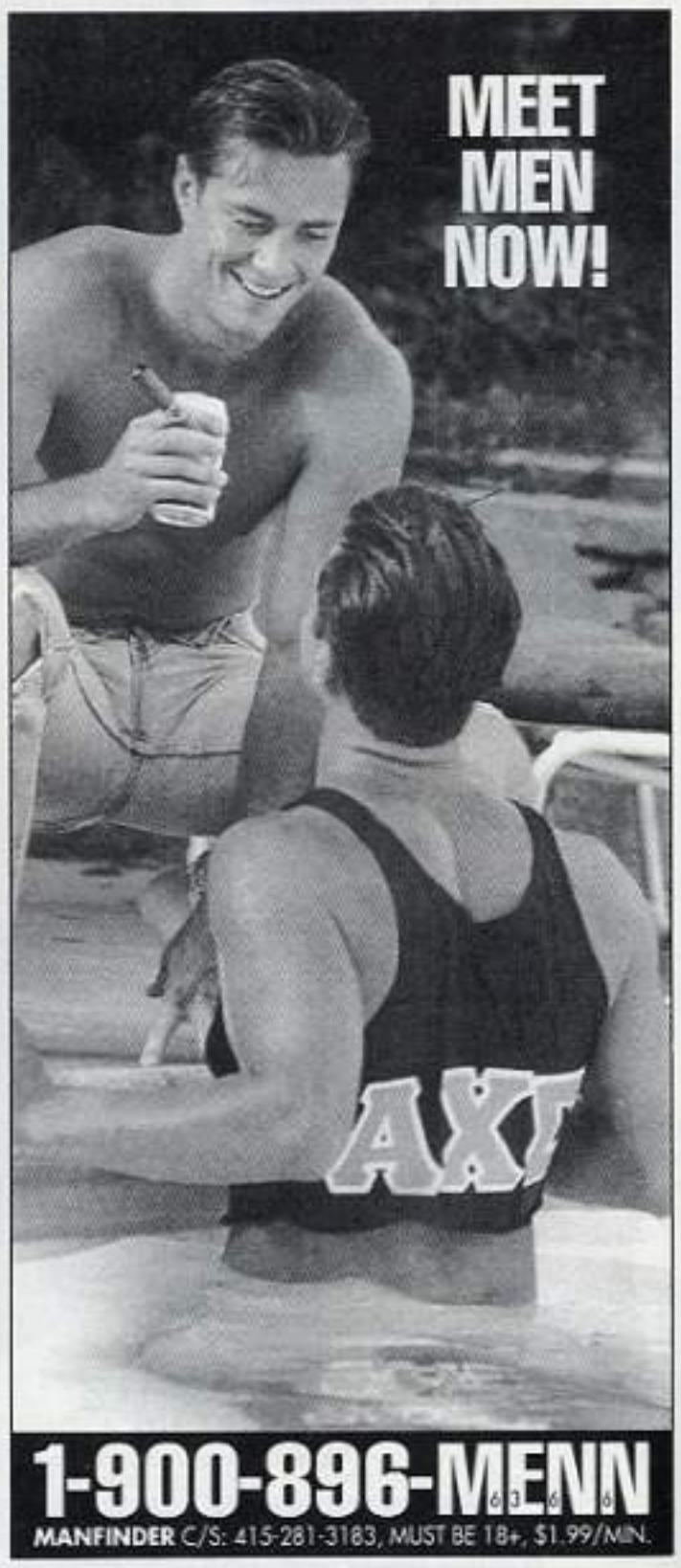
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letters

Hazed and enthused

The fraternity-hazing spread in the September issue is one of the best yet. It ranks up there with the layout of Lucas Ridgeston and the other uncut European hunk in the Valentine romance issue from 1994.

The boys in the frat-house photos have an electricity that is not often found in group photos such as these. Not only do they have great bodies and long, lovely cocks, but they also exude a sense of personality and the feeling that they were really having a good time partying with each other. The models really appear to be rambunctious Greeks engaged in some innocent horseplay with a pledge. Go for it, boys!

(In case they are wondering, tell the boys that next week the party is in my mouth, and everyone is coming!)

In my opinion, photo layouts with multiple models are great, especially when they interact as well as the models in this spread did. Keep up the good work so that all of your readers can "keep it up!"

R.W.
Westfield, N.J.

[*Our fun-loving Greeks are always up for a party, but they're worried about one thing: How are they going to get the keg in your mouth?*–Ed.]

Wrong place, wrong time

I attended a Utah university and joined a fraternity. In fact, I lived in the chapter house for four quarters. Boy! Was I in the wrong fraternity–or the wrong university or the wrong state! We certainly didn't have an initiation like Malcolm Roberts's ["The Initiation," September 1995] or a hazing like that of Keefer and Studio 1435.

Where did you say these activities you showed take place? Do they offer graduate studies?

Do Keefer and Studio 1435 need any help? I'd be glad to volunteer. Hell, I'd pay to work there!

E.M.
Ogden, Utah

[*Utah? What on earth did you expect–one of those notorious rollicking naked Mormon free-for-alls?*–Ed.]

Sept-uagenarian

FRESHMEN, you've done the impossible! As good as you've been, you've gone over the top with your September issue. The frat-house sequence is extraordinary–great fantasy, fine models, and a genuine sense of fun, play, and spontaneity that is almost totally absent from competing erotic publications. Do give us more!

The subtly morphed photos in "Crossing the Line" were also fun, and the fiction was fine. Bravo for your excellent work.

J.W.
Redwood City, Calif.

Freshmen on *FRESHMEN*

The first issue of my subscription to *FRESHMEN* was outstanding, a complete four-star magazine. The photo shoot you had of Chris Knight, Ricky Price, and

"The boys in the frat-house photos have an electricity not often found in group photos."

Ricky Price
Chris Knight
Nick Steele
September 1995
KEEFER/STUDIO 1435

letters

"Andy is all a man could ever want."

Nick Steele really knocked me off my feet. Seeing guys like that really made it hard to wait for school to begin.

I started college this year, and I hope I can find anyone who even comes close to these three. You've really outdone yourselves this time, *FRESHMEN*. I want more!

R.U.
San Diego, Calif.

[*Could you do an endorsement spot for us? Something like, "Four out of five real freshmen prefer* FRESHMEN*"?*–Ed.]

Bellboy

I'm a new subscriber to *FRESHMEN*, and I got my first issue a couple of weeks ago. Words cannot explain how much I cherish the beauty of Andy Bellingham [September 1995]: his blue eyes, his cute smile, his lips (ready to be kissed by a man), his tender nipples, his manly body, and so on. His penis and testicles are heavenly, but no doubt the best part of him is his ass. It's rounded and muscular (the kind of butt one would want to put one's tongue and hands all over), just begging to be fucked by another man. I wish he could have opened his ass a little more and shown us his hole, since it is one of the most important aspects. In fact, all the models from now on should always show us their assholes. But either way, Andy is all a man could ever want; he's the man of my dreams.

FRESHMEN is a great magazine, judging from the first issue I've seen, and with Andy you have definitely given me a lot to dream about. Invite him to pose again. I hope this satisfaction repeats itself with every issue I get (I'm sure it will), and thank you for introducing me to a beautiful man like Andy Bellingham. I think I'm in love!

R.L.
Fresno, Calif.

Jism schism

Has a religion been organized yet to properly worship the god Andy Bellingham? I'd like to be a charter member.

Those eyes, that smile, and the cleft in his chin make my heart pound and a smile break out from ear to ear. How can you possibly top (or bottom) perfection like Andy's?

Your magazine makes me happy and proud to be gay.

R.F.
Willowbrook, Ill.

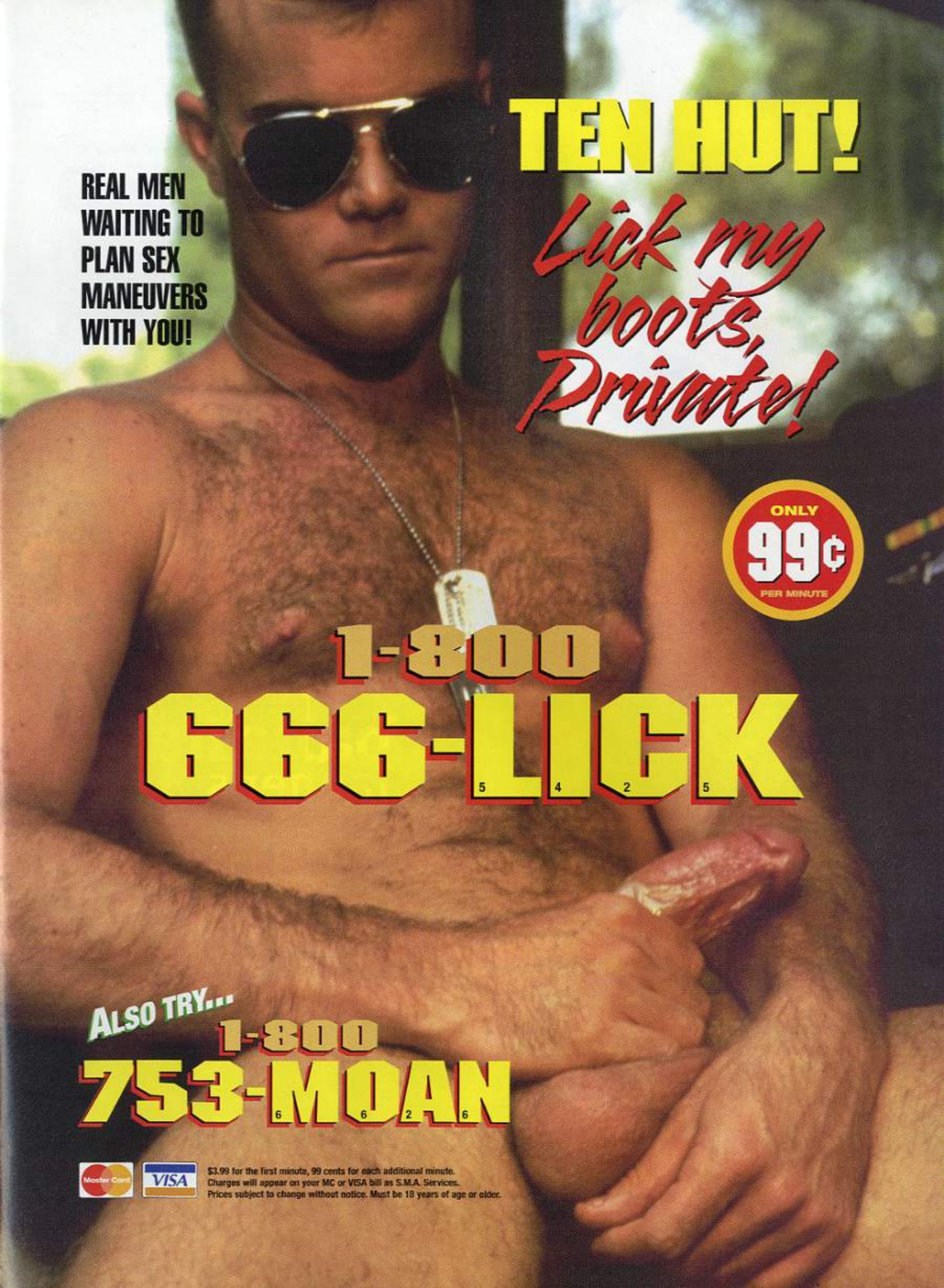
[*Maybe* you *can't figure out how to top (or bottom) Andy Bellingham. We don't think* we'd *have any problem.*–Ed.]

Up with people

I finally received the September issue, my first issue of *FRESHMEN*. What an upper! My morale is up, my spirits are up, and you even managed to free willy too. Everything is coming up roses at my house these days.

C.W.
San Angelo, Tex.

We welcome letters, but because of the volume of mail we receive, we can neither respond individually nor forward letters to our models. We also cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to Letters, FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078.*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Major

"I stuck a **banana** in **Tanner's** butt, peeled it as it came out, and ate it."

Grant Larson stands 6 foot 1, weighs 180 pounds, and has the most famous butt hole in the history of New York City's annual Black Party: Brown-haired, green-eyed Grant **delighted fans** at the **raunchfest** earlier this year when he performed a surprise beer enema on himself onstage. With the balls to do **that sort of thing,** 29-year-old Grant is one hot boy whom the industry can't do without. In the biz only two years now, he credits the success of *Romeo and Julian*, **the first gay-porn musical,** for helping to crown him the reigning king of sleaze.

Meat

by jamoo

Jamoo: You came to Los Angeles from where?
Grant: Illinois.
Jamoo: Did you get discovered or send photos of yourself?
Grant: Discovered, I guess. It was almost three years ago. I went to Washington, D.C., for the march on Washington, and I was in a club. I recognized Chi Chi LaRue, who I'd admired and liked, and I went up to her and started shooting the bull with her–"Hey, I know what you do. You're in the dirty business." And we really hit it off well. I was wearing a pair of tiny white shorts and a cock ring around my neck on a chain. She started to talk dirty to me to try to shock me.

And she kept trying to shock me–and you just can't–but she did when she said she wanted me for her movies. I said, "I live in a cornfield," but she was like, "I don't care. I'll fly you out." I could tell she was serious. I said I was flattered and I'd think about it, and we exchanged phone numbers.

So I went back to my friends, who are from Illinois and all professionals, and told them I was flattered she would even consider me. And my friends were really offended and disgusted that I'd even consider doing porn.
Jamoo: What was your occupation at the time?
Grant: I ran a painting company that did painting, wallpapering, and interior fabrics on a commercial and residential basis. I was doing very well for myself, and my employees knew that I was gay. I was completely out of the closet.

I called Chi Chi and asked a lot of questions, and she gave me honest answers. Not all of it was flattering or what I wanted to hear. And everything she said has come true. I was 27 and bored and thought, *What the hell!* So I let them fly me to California and pay for my expenses and pay me for the video. Chi Chi hadn't seen me naked; she just had confidence in me.
Jamoo: And you flew out here when?

PHOTOS BY KEEFER/STUDIO 1435

Major Meat Grant Larson

Grant: In July 1993. And I didn't end up working for Chi Chi to start with. I did a movie called *The Voyeur* for Studio 2000, because I'd sent some pictures out, and the way the pictures got bounced around, they got me first. I thought I'd fly out and do one or two movies, go back home, and have something to pop in the VCR and say "Look at what I did a few years ago," and that would be the end of it.

Jamoo: Who did you work with in your first film?

Grant: Johnny Roma, who is out of the business now, and a guy from Boston named Rob Antonio, who never did very much after that.

Jamoo: Johnny was hot.

Grant: Yeah, and he has a big dick too, which turns me on. Well, I was supposed to be this leather dungeon master and had been fitted for this harness. They brought it to me in this box with straps and rings, and I had no clue how to put it on. But it worked out really well.

Afterward I assumed that was it, so I flew back home. But two days later I got a call from Falcon, and they wanted to use me. And then Catalina. And then the *Romeo and Julian* thing came.

Jamoo: How did you get that one? Did Sam Abdul just say, "I want this guy to star in my movie"?

Grant: Sam had a cancellation—I think it was Bo Summers—so he calls me on Friday and says, "Can you be in California today if I get you a ticket?" This was after I'd gotten home from doing the Falcon movie. He called back in 15 minutes and told me he had a ticket waiting for me at the counter and to get ready to leave within the hour. The following morning I did *Made to Get Laid*, which was my first movie for Forum Studios. Sam was on the set, talking about this porno musical he wanted to do called *Romeo and Julian*. It sounded like fun.

So he was happy with my two scenes on Saturday, and when he was driving me back to the airport on Sunday, he asked if I was interested in *Romeo and Julian*. I said yes! I got back home and started thinking about it and thought it was going to be either a huge success or the joke of the industry—or maybe both. I read the first draft of the script, and after four or five rewrites, I was cast as Julian and then later as Romeo.

Jamoo: Do you catch a lot of shit from people because you were singing in a porn movie, or do people like it?

vid-eog-raphy

All About Last Night
Forum

Blow Me Down
Catalina

Chance Encounters
Vivid Man

Fulton Street
Bijou

Getting Even With David
Forum

Idol Country
HIS Gold

Made to Get Laid
Forum

Reflections of Sex
Vivid Man

Romeo and Julian
Forum

Secret Sex
Catalina

Secret Sex 3
Catalina

Summer Fever
Falcon

Trade
Malibu Sales

The Voyeur
Studio 2000

Grant: I've gotten every response in the world you can imagine. I've gotten fan mail from places in the world I had to go to a map and look up where they were. Mail has come from Eastern Europe and Asia because of a second version of the film that was released there. An R-rated cut has been in film festivals all over the world and is the first gay-themed movie to appear in countries like South Korea, Vietnam, and South Africa.

As a matter of fact, I was coming out of a club in West Hollywood, and this guy came up to me and said, "I was just modeling in Japan; you're a big star there." I didn't know what to say, and he goes, "Really, you're a big hit in Japan. People think you're a movie star because of *Romeo and Julian*." People have laughed at it—I've laughed at it; it's kind of campy and daring.

Jamoo: It was original.

Grant: Exactly. No guts, no glory. I did what I was hired to do, and the outcome was great. It beats living in Bloomington, Ill.

Jamoo: What are your goals now?

Grant: I have surpassed all I had imagined could possibly happen in the adult business. As far as I'm concerned, anything that happens now is just icing on the cake. I never imagined I'd be living here or that I'd have done as many videos or won awards or had the success I've had. I've gotten to travel and have fun.

Jamoo: What awards have you won?

Grant: I won Best Actor at the Gay Erotic Video Awards and Best Erotic Performance at the Adult Video News Awards, so I've won in each of the biggest categories out there. At the 1994 Gay Erotic Video Awards, I was the most nominated model. And at the AVN Awards, I was nominated for Best Actor, Best Erotic Performance, and Performer of the Year.

Jamoo: What is your appeal?

Grant: I come across as a nice guy, and I enjoy what I'm doing. I love sex and adult video and porn. For me, to be in this industry is a kick, and I have fun.

Jamoo: Tell me about the penis parties you throw.

Grant: Well, there are a lot of sex clubs and orgy groups in L.A., and I've found when I go that they are very serious. You can't have a good time. You have 90 guys at an orgy, and if you crack jokes, people get mad. So I started to have parties of my own for people in the industry. I live on a street called St. An-

drews, so I built what I call the Penis Altar at St. Andrews—this huge penis on a shelf in my house.

Jamoo: What kind of food was the penis made of?

Grant: Bratwurst, with pieces of pepperoni for the foreskin. When the penis was gone, the party was over. We had a sign—DON'T EAT THE DIP—because the dip was the penis coming. It was fun. When I do it again, I'll do it as a benefit and raise money for something. People who aren't uptight can come and have fun.

Jamoo: Who have you enjoyed having sex with on video?

Grant: Rob Cryston. We did a movie for a fetish company. It was sexual and went so fast and was hot. We were allowed to do what we wanted, and it was quite hot and enjoyable.

I've worked with Tanner Reeves several times now. It's gotten to the point where we've worked together so much that people have stopped asking before they cast us in a video. We did this movie called *The Wharfmen*, directed by Donnie Russo. I stuck cucumbers and zucchini and a lit cigarette up his butt.

Jamoo: How was Marco Rossi to work with in *Idol Country*?

Grant: We had a good time, and we're really good friends now, even though we don't see each other that often. Marco's fun; we've gone out dancing, and people stare because they recognize that we're porn stars.

Jamoo: How do people treat you? Do they give you respect, or do they laugh when they realize you do porn?

Grant: In general I would say people are scared, and when I'm out in more remote areas, people don't know what to expect. To them, you're a celebrity, and it's just like going up to a mainstream movie star. I don't think of myself as a celebrity, but when you're getting fan mail, you do at times.

Part of the reason I went into the adult-movie business was that I always enjoyed watching it. It's a viable entertainment medium. If people are afraid to admit that they do or watch porn, then it perpetuates the idea that it's nasty or shouldn't be seen. When people ask what I do, I tell them I do several things, and adult video is one of them. And honestly, I use it to shock people.

Jamoo: You like to shock people, huh?

Grant: Absolutely!

Jamoo: When you go on the road to dance, do you do anything shocking?

Grant: It depends on where I am. I'll take it as far as the legal limit.

Jamoo: What things have you done?

Grant: The wildest is the beer enema. I always heard you can't shock a New York audience, but I guess you can. The worst thing about performing in New York is that they've seen everything.

I've made it look like I'm giving myself an enema with beer onstage before, but nothing quite like the Black Party.

Jamoo: How are you going to top yourself next year?

Grant: Play it by ear and see what happens. Actually, they told me to back off; in 18 years I was the first guy they told to tone it down.

Jamoo: You love to talk. Has your mouth ever gotten your butt in trouble?

Grant: Actually, yes.

Jamoo: I figured as much.

Grant: When I first got into adult video, I was like, "Oh, I'm gonna be a total top!" and all that macho bullshit. My second job was a Falcon set, and I was doing a three-way. I was talking a lot, and I hit my head on a light. Everyone asked if I was all right, and I played it off and said, "I don't feel pain!" So they go, "If you don't feel pain, then sit on that dick!" And it was Long Dong Sean, Sean Davis. This guy is huge, and I had to do it.

In the video I did for Donnie Russo, I was talking so much that I ended up doing things with vegetables that I'd said I could—like shoving zucchini up Tanner Reeves's butt and making him shoot them out like torpedoes. Jim Steel from Vivid was filming it, and he hates bananas—he's disgusted by them. Donnie Russo walked out of the kitchen with a banana, and I stuck it in Tanner's butt, peeled it as it came out, and ate it.

Jamoo: Yuck!

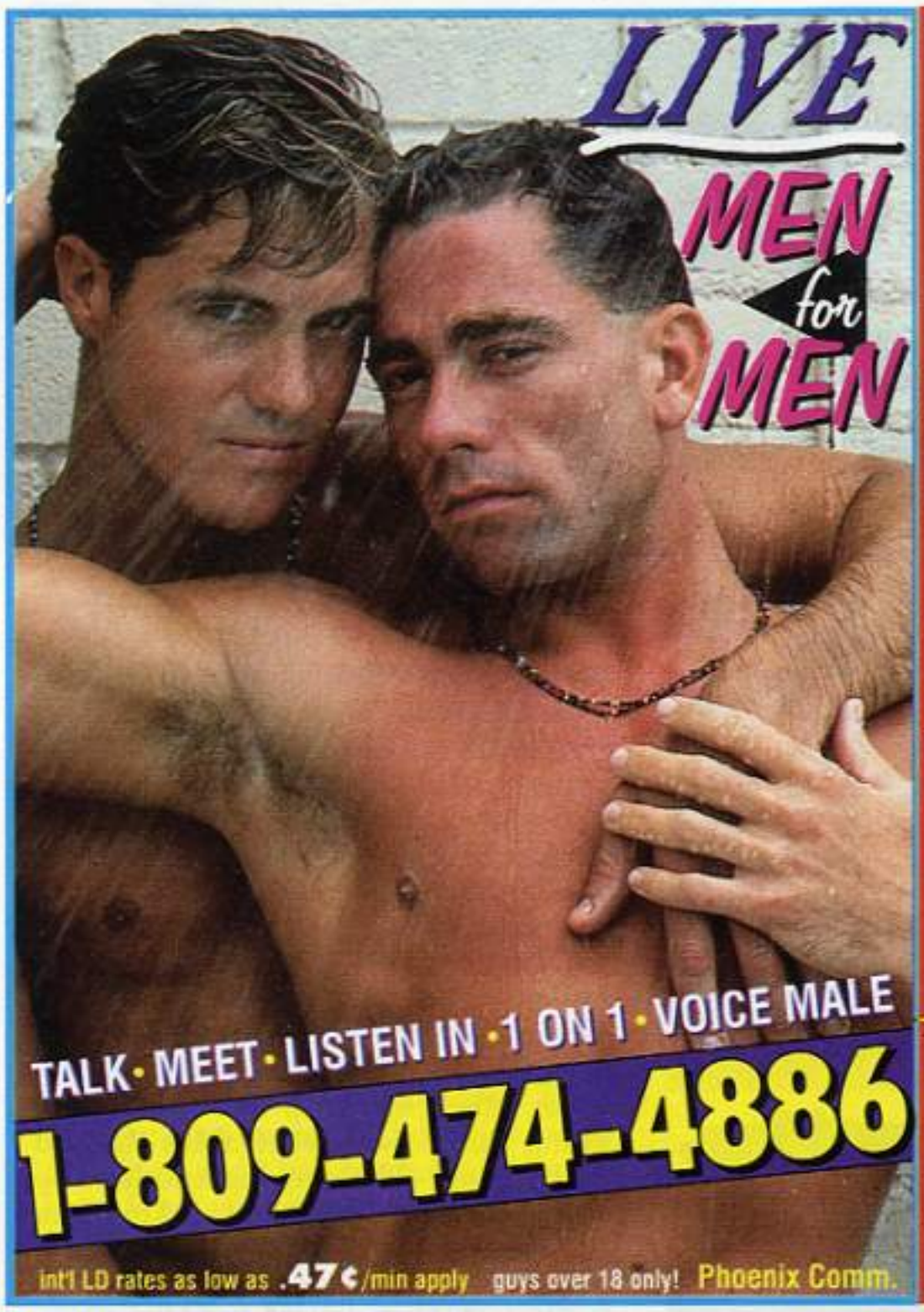
Grant: No, it was safe and everything. Jim had to stop and put the camera down. He was dry-heaving in the garbage because of the banana smell.

Jamoo: So, on a different subject, where do you reside these days?

Grant: I live in an area of L.A. known as Koreatown. I go to a video store there run by a Korean couple, and they have a *huge* selection of adult videos. When I shop I go up to the counter and say, "I get my porn-star discount, right?" I do that anywhere in the country, and when people see that it's me in the video, they freak out.

One time I rented a video that I was on the cover of, and the Korean lady who runs the store realized it was me, and she goes "Oh, dis you!" And I was like, "Yeah, it's me. Do I get to rent it for free?" And she goes, "No, it really you! Grandma, come here. Come here, look—he in video. He on tape!" And her grandmother and her are looking at this, not realizing it's a gay porno. Every time I go in there now, I say hi, and she laughs. If you print this, I'm gonna show her, and she'll laugh and say, "I in American porno magazine." ●

"The **penis** was made of **bratwurst,** with pieces of pepperoni for the **foreskin.** When the **penis** was gone, the party was **over.**"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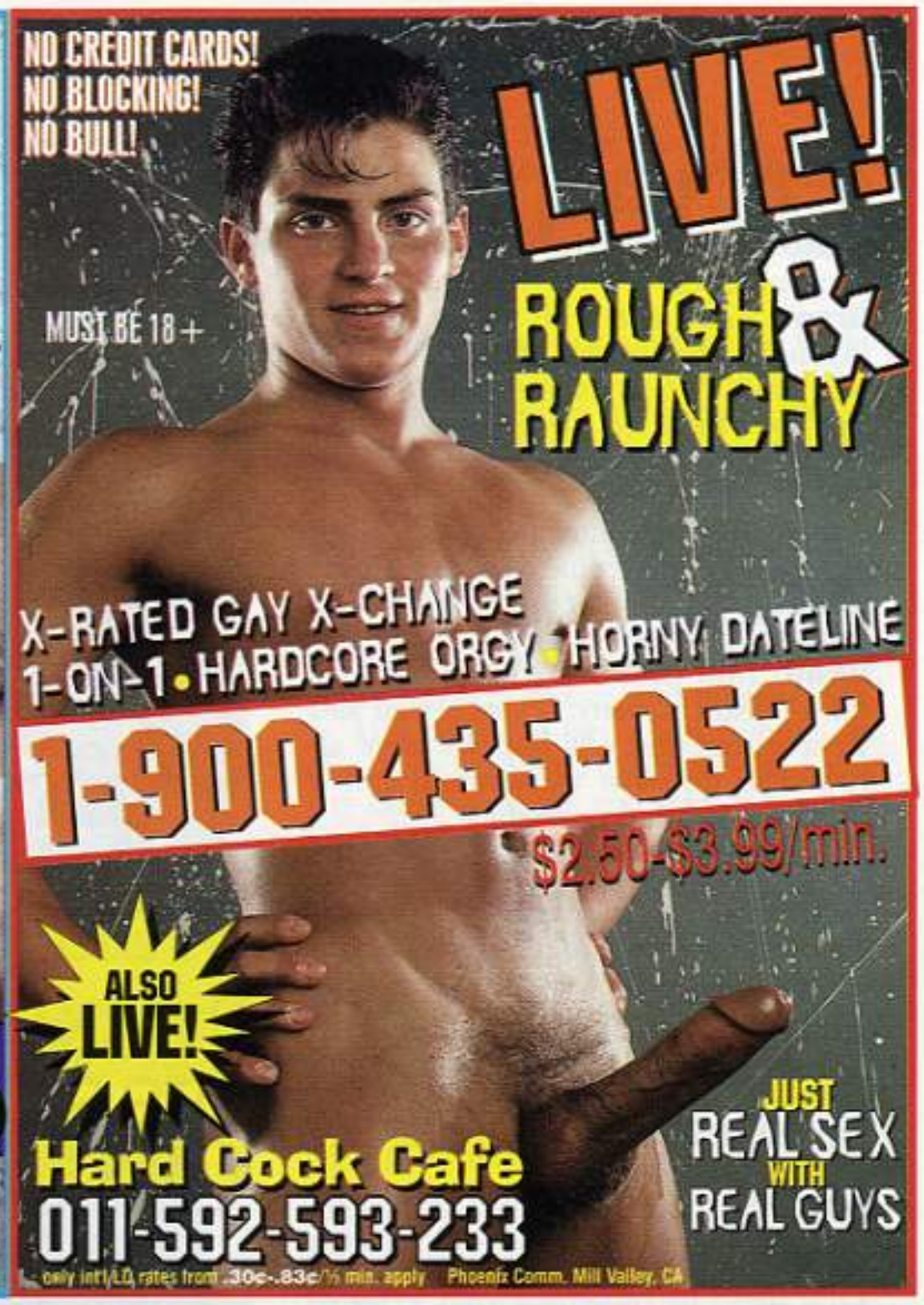

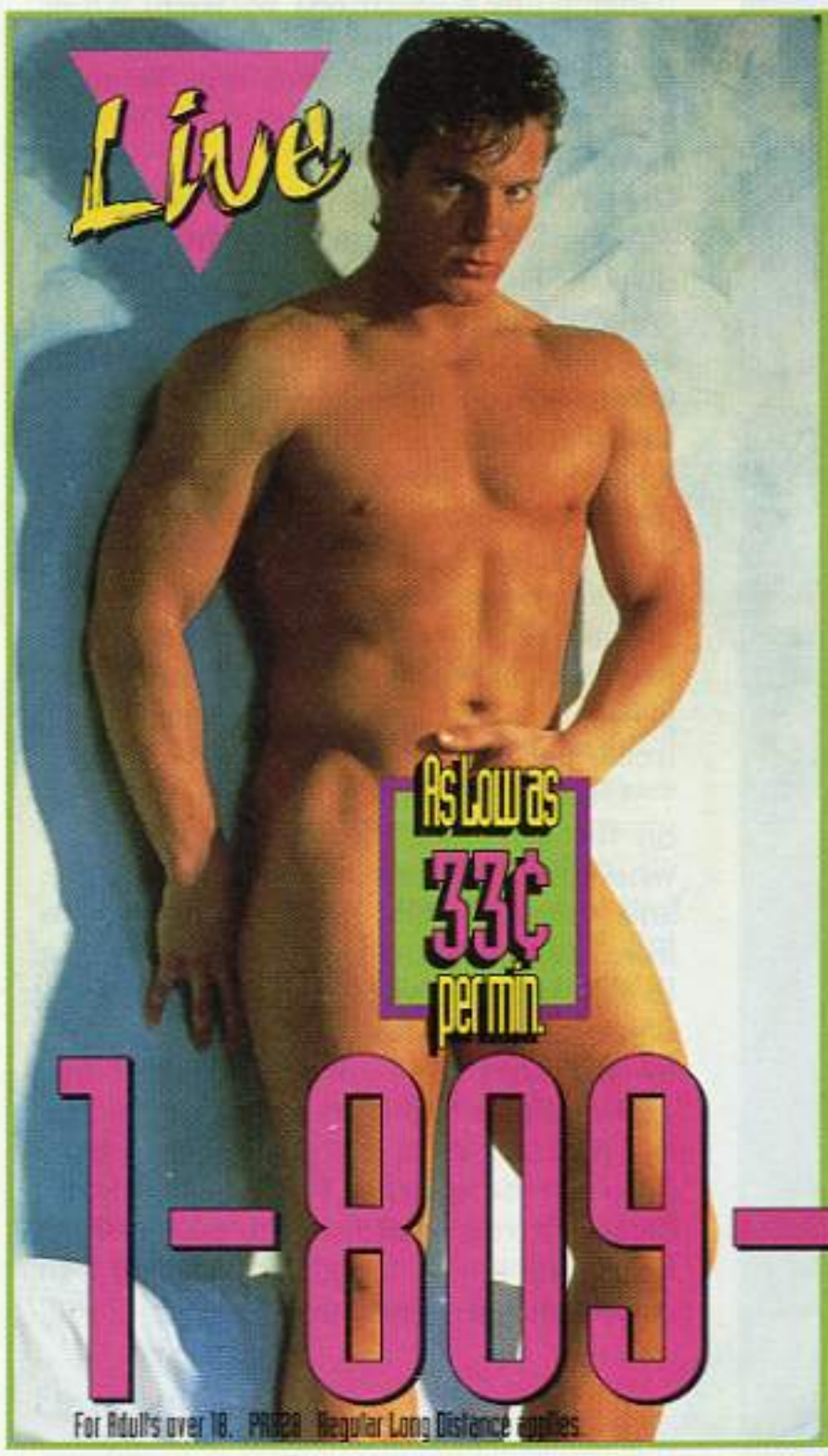

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My friend says it is possible for men to SUCK their own cocks. I say if we COULD, then head 2 head

we would. But I don't see or even hear about it going on. Neither of us has done it, which I think proves my point.

Someone else asked about autofellatio a year or so back—is this becoming a fad? In any case, the famous riddle, "Why does a dog lick his balls?" has an equally famous answer similar to your suggestion: "Because he can." It's harder for a man than for a dog, because we don't bend as easily in the right places—the form of the human body does not make autofellatio an easy task. But some men certainly can and do suck their own cocks.

You can see one approach to the problem in a book called *Sexual Art: Photographs that Test the Limits* by Michael A. Rosen. A picture of a man mouthing the head of his penis is used as the frontispiece photograph. The man in Rosen's book is seated on a stool, bending his neck so that his face can meet his erection. A more common approach is to balance on your shoulders and upper back, lift your legs high in the air, and let your penis come to you. In general, it's easier to get into this position if you're young, agile, and thin than if you're old, stiff, and stout, and it probably helps if you practice yoga.

But I've heard of people damaging their necks and vertebrae doing this, so if you try it, you try it on your own—I am not responsible for whatever pleasure or pain you experience.

My best friend is straight, married, and a father. One evening when he was visiting, we got to talking about what it was like for me to be gay, and he asked about gay videos. I put one into the VCR, and while watching it we started to masturbate together. Then he started telling me a story about being with another guy, and the next thing you know, we got it on. The way it all happened, I could tell he really enjoyed getting screwed, and that it wasn't the first time he'd been had. But when I mentioned the episode a few days later, he said he didn't know what I was talking about. I reminded him of the story he'd told me, and he didn't remember that either. In fact, he kept repeating that it was wrong to be gay or bisexual. I think my friend has a guilt complex about his interest in other men. How can I bring him out of the closet?

First, you can't "get" someone over guilt, and—short of outing him—you can't bring anyone out who doesn't want to come. Everyone in the closet has his own reasons for being there, and everyone who comes out does so in his own time and for his own reasons. Guilt of the sort you believe your friend has is usually deep-seated and connected with severe emotional upset. If and when your friend is ready to face such guilt, he probably will not want it dragged out of him by his best friend and fuck buddy; he'll more likely want to explore both his guilt and his release from it in a safe situation, possibly with a therapist.

Second, if your friend is hiding his guilty feelings behind a wall of denial, that wall may be more solid than you imagine. For example, it's possible that he might be telling you that he doesn't remember your roll in the hay as some straight men might do to preserve their straight images in their own minds and to "save face" in front of their friends. But it's also possible that he really doesn't remember. People do sometimes have a kind of selective amnesia for experiences they find overwhelming, troubling, or frightening. These sorts of dissociations are virtually never innocuous. More often they cover volatile feelings—grief, rage, despair—the person is simply not ready or equipped to handle. If you think this is what your friend is experiencing, it could be important for him to find a therapist trained to work with dissociation or the effects of trauma, because his coming-out could be about far more than his sexual orientation.

I'm not sure where I got the idea, but I've become interested in asphyxiation as a sex scene. I don't mean self-strangula-

BY WILLIAM A. HENKIN, MFCC

head 2 head

I like to be tied up during sex. Does that make me a masochist?

tion, which I know kills many young men every year; I mean controlling another man's breath until he passes out, then reviving him. I've heard that I can give a man a great orgasm this way, but it's really the control that turns me on. What do you know about breath-control games?

The first thing I know is that I don't like them. A couple of people tried to play them with me some years ago, and the first time my reaction was awful: I thought I was likely to sustain brain damage, and I didn't want to take the risk. Just a few years ago I had a play partner who wanted me to do the strangling, so I researched the subject by reading what little I could find published and talking with a couple of people I know who like the game a lot. I even bought some toys specifically designed to do the job sweetly. But the closer the time came, the more reservations I felt. Finally, I concluded that I no more wanted to asphyxiate someone than to be asphyxiated, so I declined.

In response to your question, I went out and did a little more research, specifically through speaking with a liberal physician I know and by reading a couple of articles in *Checkmate*, which I find to be the single most knowledgeable gay male S/M magazine published these days. The main article in Issue 9 is called "A Deadly Fetish," but despite his title and his warnings about the lethal dangers of the game, the writer, Clark Williamson, says he'd participate in this behavior again. The follow-up piece, written by a licensed physician, points out that oxygen deprivation kills brain cells, that there is no way to tell ahead of time how much oxygen deprivation is too much, that brain cells cannot be replaced, and that death or irreversible brain damage can take place very quickly. In short, he and I agree: Find another game.

Subscriptions to *Checkmate* cost $14 for four issues in the United States, $16 in Canada, and $23 elsewhere. Issues are mailed first class. Business inquiries and editorial correspondence should go to Telecentral Electronics, P.O. Box 354, Wyoming, PA 18644-0354. The telephone number is (717) 655-2880.

No. If you like to be tied up or otherwise restrained, you may be a bondage enthusiast, but there are plenty of people who like bondage who do not like intense sensation or pain. People who find certain kinds of pain to be erotic may be masochistic, but not all people who like erotic pain like to be bound. The language of S/M, D/S, bondage, and related erotic activities is very variable; what a term means may depend on who's using it, where, and under what circumstances. Unless you know you're talking with someone who shares your verbal shorthand, you can avoid a lot of confusion by describing the practices you enjoy—"I like to be tied up during sex"—instead of trying to pin a label such as "masochist" on yourself.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

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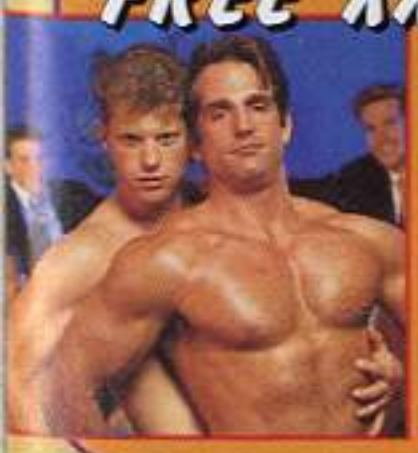

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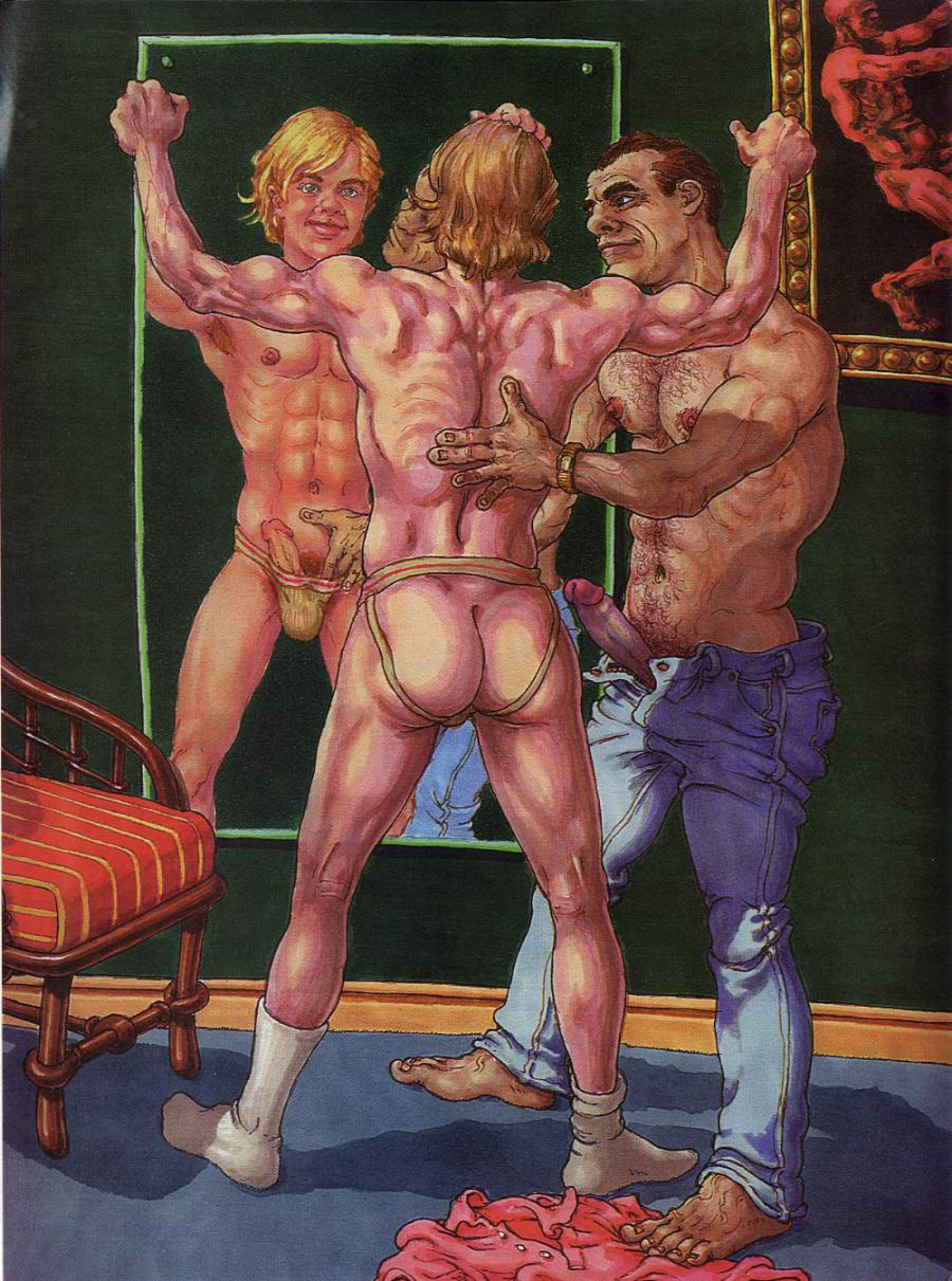

growth spurts

I know Joey's parents have gone out, because I heard them. That means he's home by himself, and I'd like to think he's beating off. I have no proof, of course, but he's a healthy 18-year-old and doesn't seem to have a regular girlfriend. If he's got nobody to put out for him, he must be taking care of it himself, like I usually do.

I visualize him standing at the mirror in the front bedroom right above mine. He peels off his shirt and starts flexing his muscles. Lean and nicely defined, his body starts glistening with sweat right away as he pumps himself up. He's played football all through high school, and he has weights in the basement. His shoulders are just beginning to look like a man's instead of a boy's, and his chest is gradually getting fuller.

Imagination is a great thing, so I'm very careful *not* to watch Joey work out when he comes downstairs. I don't want him to know too much about me—then he might stop wearing those baggy shorts and oversized T-shirts that turn me on so much, their fullness suggestive of goodies waiting to be unwrapped.

In the dozen years I've owned this house, Joey and his parents have been my only tenants, and I'd like to keep them here. In that time I've watched their son grow from a cute little boy to a gawky teen, and now his potential is being realized as he matures into a fine-looking young man.

by James Anselm

It was such a turn-on that night I spied on him from a distance as he was preening in front of a car, using the window as a mirror for his posing. Hiking up his cutoffs, he tensed his calves and thighs. I cursed the darkness as he flexed his biceps—there wasn't enough light to make binoculars useful. Joey's back was to me, but I still popped a woody when he pulled up his shirt to check his abs. I've blown several loads remembering that evening.

I picture the nipples jutting from his smooth chest as he expands his pectorals. I can almost hear him sucking in the air to spread his rib cage open to its full size. As he flexes his arms again and again, the biceps seem to grow slightly and peak. He tightens his midsection, and sharp ridges of muscle break the flat surface.

I'm getting a boner now, and I'm sure Joey has one too. When he drops his shorts, it's shoving at his jockstrap, trying to pop loose as it gets harder and longer. He keeps posing at the mirror, telling himself how great he looks and getting himself hotter by the minute.

I don't know how big his cock is—the way he wears his pants, I've never even seen its outline—but because he's almost exactly six feet tall, I picture it being a little bigger than average, maybe close to seven inches. Now

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL KIRWAN

the tip of it works loose from its elastic confines and edges up along his lean stomach. Joey tenses his butt, and another half inch of dick pushes out into the air.

I want this boy so badly, though it's crazy to let myself admit it. Pushing 40 just like his father, I don't think I'd have a chance even if–by some miracle–he were gay. And what are the odds of that? I know, 1 in 10.

Invariably, these flights of fancy leave me feeling extra horny, with no relief in sight but Mister Fist. Out comes my tool, and I'm working it when I hear the knock at the door. It can only be Joey, so I shove the stiffer back into my pants. "Hi," I say, bringing him inside, "I was just thinking about you." (He doesn't get it, thank God!)

I offer him a soda, and we talk for a while about nothing in particular. His hands wave, and his blond head bobs around. He's nervous about something, picking invisible lint off his floppy polo shirt, but I like to look at him so much, I don't rush him. Finally, the conversation turns to the topic of money, which is a perennial problem in his family.

"I know my folks are a little behind in the rent," he says rather diffidently.

"I shouldn't be discussing this with you," I say, "but they're a lot behind."

"If there's anything...Well, I thought maybe I could do something for you to sort of make that up a bit."

I don't get it at first. "What do you mean, Joey?" I ask, half expecting him to volunteer to do odd jobs around the house for me.

Instead, he looks me right in the eye–he's tall enough for that now–and starts groping at his basket through his shorts. Neither of us speak for a few moments, but when he gets up and leads the way to my front bedroom, I follow him without question.

I lean against the mirror there, and Joey slowly peels off his shirt and starts flexing his muscles. I hadn't envisioned the love handles, but the rest of his body is pretty nicely defined. There are fair traces of tiny hairs between the double curves of his chest, unexpected and delightful.

I see him start to sweat right away

as he pumps himself up, his nipples jutting from his expanded pecs. I can hear him sucking in the air to spread his rib cage open. As he slowly flexes his arms again and again, the biceps seem to grow slightly and peak. He tenses his midsection, and in spite of the puppy fat, little ridges of muscle break the smooth surface.

I'm getting a boner now, and when he drops his shorts, Joey has one too. It's shoving at his jockstrap, trying to pop loose as it gets longer and harder. My eyes tell him how great he looks, and the rasp of our breathing in the quiet room reveals how he's getting us both hotter by the minute.

I realize that we're moving closer together by degrees as he keeps posing for me. I haven't touched him yet, and I'm not sure I want to. We just stand there looking at each other. It's as though nothing's going to happen after all.

Finally it's Joey who reaches out and takes my hand, putting it where the tip of his cock is pushing past its elastic confines. He clenches his butt, and another inch of stiff dick slides up into my fingers.

"Isn't that worth a bit of back rent?" he asks. This is no boy speaking to me–I realize with a tingle that his voice has become deeper than his father's.

I peel back the pouch; as I let go of his cock, it springs back against his belly. My estimate of his size was short–he must have at least eight inches here, looking even longer because it's so slender. And it's hard as only a teenager's rod can be, pointing straight up at his chin. Hanging below, his balls are wrapped in a soft golden fur–some people say they look bigger shaved, but Joey's are more than big enough as they are. I push the straps down along his thighs, and the supporter falls the rest of the way to his feet.

I don't make a big deal of undressing; I'm in good enough shape not to fuss about it. I just strip off my clothes and drop them on a chair. Joey's eyes widen when he sees how hard–and how big–I am. "You look great," he tells me, kicking the jockstrap out of his way. "If you don't mind my asking, how old are you, anyway?"

"I'll be 40 in August."

"I can't believe you're the same age as my dad–you look so much better than he does." As he grips my prick and starts stroking it, I have to wonder if Joey has ever seen his father with a hard-on.

In a few minutes I'll want more than this, but for now I enjoy the way the two of us stand there, our hands moving almost in unison along our thoroughly rigid members. We're aroused, and it feels good. It feels better when each of us runs his fingers over the other's body to get a sense of it. When I make him stop, we both know it's because there's still so much to come.

I kneel down then and take his cock in my hand again; my fingers curl easily around its slim length. It's so hard, I'm reminded of steel except for the heat of it, where metal would be cool. With my other hand joining the first, I can hold all of him except the head, so I cover that with my mouth, brushing my tongue along his piss slit.

Instantly the head gets even bigger, and I'm afraid he's going to come too soon. His breathing is ragged, and his fingers dig into my shoulders. He squirts a little precome, but then he gets control of himself.

"Impressive," I tell him. "Most guys your age wouldn't be able to hold back."

"I can go either way," Joey boasts. "In the morning I can get it up in the shower and shoot in less than three minutes. I wasn't late for school once all year."

"I won't ask you to prove that," I say, smiling, then slip him back into my mouth. He laughs a little, then rests his hands on my shoulders again as I blow him.

Intermittently I release his cock from my mouth so I can lick various portions of his torso, especially his soft stomach. Joey starts to go crazy, squirming with excitement when I nibble gently on his chest. He tries to get away from me, and we wrestle a bit–nothing serious, but I realize how strong he's gotten.

I sit on the edge of the bed then,

and the young man sits next to me. He lowers his head into my lap, licking my cock and balls before attempting the main course.

In his first try he gags on my size, but he manages to get past that hurdle and is soon slurping away. Leaning back and shifting around on the mattress, we assume the classic sixty-nine position and pleasure each other, now equal partners in this shared act of sex.

Investigating his ass with a single finger, I get a couple of negative-sounding grunts. Maybe later...I bring my hand back to his ball sac, playing in the soft hairs, tugging just a little when I sense he's getting too close again.

Imitating every move I make, Joey is getting me charged up, and I stay with him, riding higher and higher as the turbulence builds within us both. He opens his mouth to gasp:

"Oh, shit, yeah!" Twitching uncontrollably with pleasure, he lets go of me; I use my hands for our finishing strokes. He lets out a roar—I'm only seconds behind him—then pow! We're coming!

I lose my grip on his cock as he thrashes about, but I can see the six ribbons of white that gush out of it, each one as much come as I normally shoot in an entire load. Today is different, though; with Joey as an example, I feel like I'm bursting open, and I let fly with a double blast that hits him in the center of his chest.

Covered in mingled sweat and come, we fall back to catch our breath. He starts talking almost immediately, going on and on as we lie there about what it's like to be an only child, about sports in school, about anything except what we've just done together. I just listen and think, *Is he trying to forget it already?* "Joey," I finally say, "we don't have to take this any further..."

"If you start talking like that, I'll leave right away." He's quiet for a moment, then he says, "You know, I wasn't serious about the back rent."

"I didn't think so. Even at $200 or more per call, which I've seen in some ads, you'd have to do an awful lot of this to work it off—and there's no way I could explain to your folks. No, what I mean is that you might be better off pursuing this with someone closer to your own age, someone a bit more—"

"Immature?" he cuts in. "That's not what I want at all. Since I was a little kid, I've looked up to you." He puts his hand on my chest to keep me from interrupting and leaves it there. "You have no idea how many times I've wanted you to hold me in your arms. At one time I thought it was wrong to feel like that, but as I've gotten older I see there's more than one way—"

I silence him this time by putting my arms around him and pulling him as close to me as I can, and he squeezes back with gratifying power. "That's the way," he tells me. Immediately I become aware of both the increasing speed of his heartbeat and the resurgence of his erection against my thigh.

I can barely believe that he's ready for another round so rapidly, but he climbs on top of me and greases himself up with the splooge he scoops off his chest. He traces the edge of my balls with a sticky finger, then slips his hardness between my thighs.

Inflating his chest again, Joey leans over just enough for me to reach and tease his nipples. They begin to swell, and he starts sliding his dick into action. His breathing quickens, and he sits up straighter, the muscles pumping in his thighs as he seesaws in and out.

Impaled between my crossed legs,

his slim cock stabs back and forth, faster and faster. I chant "Joe, Joe, Joe" in time with his frantic thrusts. He moans my name a few times, but soon he's panting too hard even to speak. Then his stomach bumps up against mine, and he throws back his head. His hands grab helplessly at the sheets as his piston shoots another load into the mattress.

"I want to go all the way," he whispers into my ear when he can speak again. "I'd like you to fuck me...in the ass...with that big cock of yours." My dick has been slower to get hard again, but now it becomes positively rigid with lust for his virgin hole.

I start to unwrap a condom from my nightstand, but Joey reaches out and takes it from me. Opening his mouth, he wets my cock down, then unrolls the rubber against the skin. I pass him lubricant, and he coats my member, stroking me so thoroughly that I fear I'm going to shoot before I can ever get inside him. Finally he turns around and bends over the bed.

It's not the kind of bubble butt that excites me the most, but as I part his ass cheeks to find and lube the opening, there's a certain rightness about it. He's not loose, not at all, yet there doesn't seem to be any resistance as my cock presses its way in. Still, I go slowly, savoring the feeling.

I had anticipated a cry from him, but he's completely motionless, almost holding his breath from pleasure or pain. Deeper still I enter, caressing his flanks, only inches from possessing him utterly.

"It's so-o-o big," he croons, finding his voice again. "Oh, yeah. Fuck, yeah. Go slow—let me feel every inch of it."

Into his secret parts I proceed until our bodies touch, my stomach against his ass, my chest on his back as I bend over to hug him to me. Then I kiss the back of his neck, just once. "Now," he sighs. "Do it."

Initially I take it easy, gliding back and forth in him with a slow, almost delicate motion, allowing him to become accustomed to the bulk of my intruder. I ease back until I'm just barely inside him, then I push forward until our hips meet. Only very gradually do I pick up the pace.

Instead of merely bracing himself against my penetration, he's beginning to work with me. He closes himself around me, keying up the arousal for both of us. "Oh, yeah," he mutters, "fuck me more. Fuck me!"

I know he can take it now, so I ride him that much harder. The sensation of my balls bouncing against his is new to me; I can't remember ever feeling it before. He's starting to get louder now too, growling and grunting with each thrust.

I run my hands around his body, squeezing his muscles, twisting his nipples until he yelps, then reaching for his rod to work on it. Why am I not surprised to find it completely hard again? "Oh, man, play with my cock," he moans. "Make me come!"

Indeed, I do my damnedest to comply, ramming my prong into his hole as though I could fuck the come out of him. Maybe I can, because soon he is gasping for breath again and his balls are drawn up in a swollen knot against his cock. It's got to be now or never, as I'm on the brink myself and won't be able to stay hard in him once I've shot a second wad.

In that last moment his cock swells larger in my hand, and he lets out a yell. I can feel his load erupting through my fingers, driven by my thrusts against his prostate. He buckles, and I have to hold him up for a minute.

Incredibly, I'm still going—still fucking, still not ready to give up my cream. I feel as if I could do this forever; then, suddenly, I can't stop it from happening. Caught safely in the cock glove, my load is smaller this time, but the force of the ejaculation is even more intense.

I'm the one who has to be held up now, and we hold each other for quite a spell. I get sodas for both of us, but after the first swallow, they just sit there while we cuddle. We don't talk anymore. Our bodies have said it all.

It's getting late, and those people upstairs—his parents, my tenants—will be home soon. Reluctantly we pry ourselves apart, and I give Joey a towel to clean our combined come off his stomach and chest. At least I'll have that when he's gone, when I imagine him standing at the mirror in the front bedroom, sweating and jerking off.

I hand him his shorts, his jockstrap, his polo shirt; he puts them on, and he's ready to go. At the apartment door he gives me a quick hug and pecks my cheek.

"I'll be back," he says. ●

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deny kolos

freshman of the year

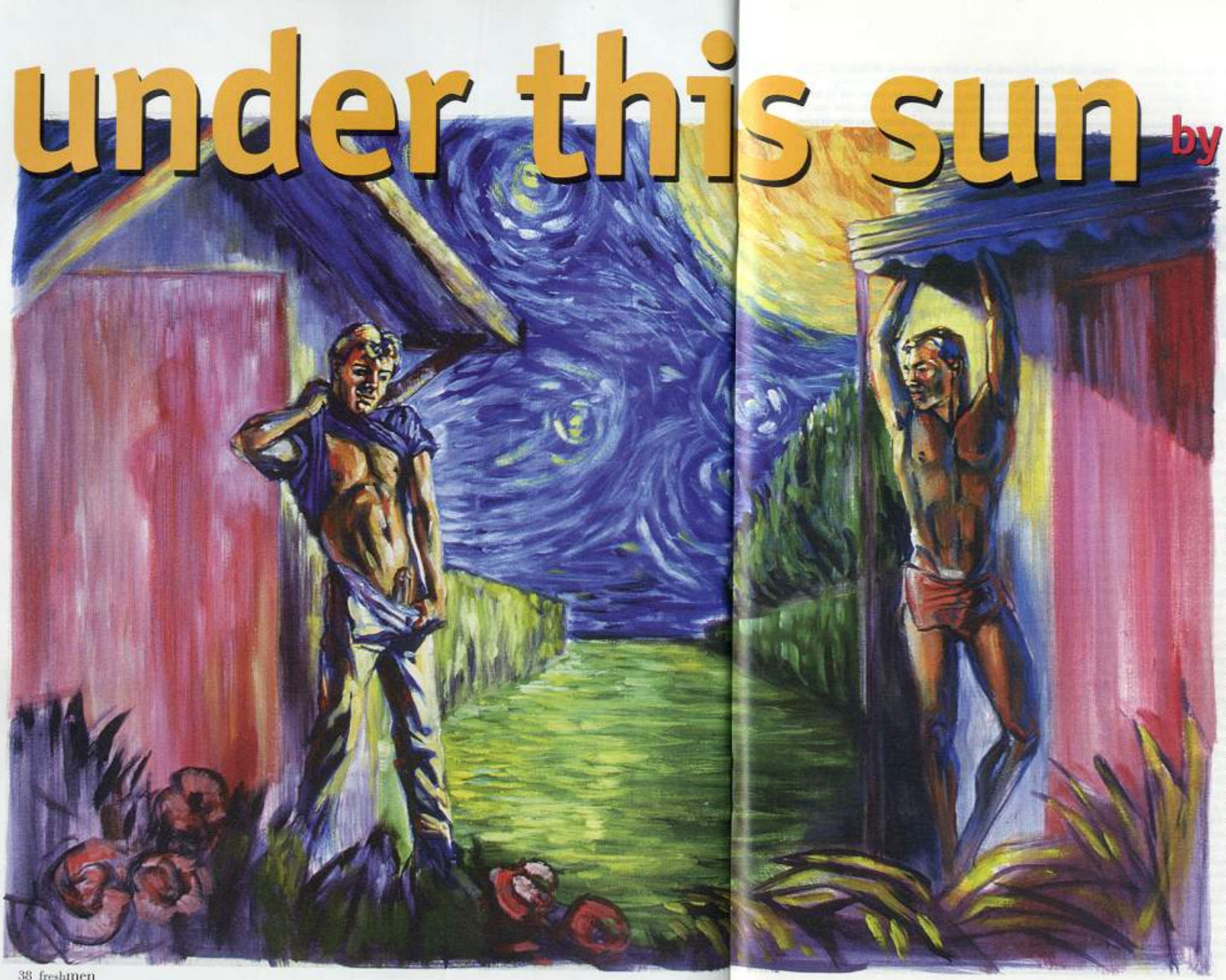
Photography: **Bel Ami**

Deny Kolos received more mail and comments than any other *FRESHMEN* model this year. His original layout appeared in the June issue, where Deny entreated you to go to his fort and play. Because you have all been such good and loyal readers, we were able to find a few more photos of Deny that are even more appealing and adorable than the ones that appeared in June. We hope you have a happy new year and many happy returns.

Model:
Warren Scott
Photography:
Keefer/Studio 1435

under this sun

by r.j.march



Clayton's uncle Jack got up to get them a couple more beers, and once again Clayton tried to remind himself that Jack was no more his uncle than the man on the moon, but just his daddy's closest and best friend. "I've known your daddy since I was a pup," Jack was always saying, and Clayton would have to prepare himself for the school bus story, in which Daddy busted some kid's nose for picking on Jack. "He was five years older, and he didn't have to, but he was always looking out for me. Christ knows why. Maybe because I didn't have my own daddy," Jack would say.

Jack came back out on the porch with two beers in each hand. It was a hot summer day, just about at its end, and the cold beer was going down fast. Clayton glanced at the front of Jack's shorts and couldn't help but notice the man's business bobbing against the silky mesh. The shorts–athletic ones from the college Clayton was attending–were all Jack wore, and his brown skin was filmed with sweat.

"Wanna thank you again for the shorts, Clayt," Jack said, catching the boy's eyes on them. "Got me feeling all nostalgic for my glory days." Clayton settled back in his chair, fingering the fringe of his cutoff chinos, expecting a little reminiscing, but Jack's lips pressed together and stayed that way as he looked out across the lawn. Then he seemed to smile, and he said, "I remember you cutting the grass."

"I cursed you and Daddy both for that extra acre you bought," Clayton said, laughing.

"Hell, he went out and bought you

ILLUSTRATION BY BEAU

"Your daddy and me used to be close."

one of those riding lawn mowers, didn't he?"

"Just two years ago!"

"I can still see you out there, pushing and swearing. Hell, you were—what, 17?"

Clayton looked at Jack, who was still staring out over the lawn as if he could see Clayton pushing that dinky mower back and forth, trudging in calf-high work boots and a Metallica T-shirt ripped to shreds.

"I always wondered why you weren't on your daddy's team. You were a natural. All-state without a doubt. You still look like a mat rat."

Uncle Jack had wrestled for Daddy and wrestled well, well enough to field some scholarship offers from some pretty prestigious schools. But he turned them all down, taking over his uncle's electrical supply store instead. He was like George Bailey in *It's a Wonderful Life*. But he seemed happy enough. He bought the house next door to Daddy's and then the lot in between, the one Clayton had to mow along with his own yard and Uncle Jack's.

Clayton looked at Jack again. He thought the man looked better than ever and wondered why he was still single. Jack never broke 5 foot 8, but he filled every inch with solidly defined muscle. His hair was still buzzed to the scalp, and he mentioned earlier that he was running five miles a day. He was just over 31, but he always seemed ageless to Clayton, sometimes like a brother and other times like a daddy, and when Clayton was growing up, he really did feel as though he had two daddies. "Uncle" Jack was always around when Daddy had meets and wrestling camps. Clayton's mother was gone—had been since the boy was 4—and Clayton had found in the company of men comfort and peace of mind. With girls he was often ill at ease, uncommonly nervous. He'd done what was expected of him—fortunately, his dick seemed to operate on its own—and he'd fucked his fair share of girls; not an inordinate number, but just enough to establish himself at the university as "normal." But the women he'd slept with, if they'd all gotten together afterward, would probably all have mentioned his remoteness and closed eyes, his frenzied strokes, and an overall feeling of there being something missing.

Clayton sank in his chair, stretching his legs out in front of him. He toed off his sneakers. Jack put his feet up on the porch rail. Their silence was like humidity, the way it hung in the air between them. Clayton looked at Jack's legs, the way they were dark with hair while the rest of him was smooth. He sipped his beer. Jack bobbed his foot, setting off all the muscles in his right thigh and calf, and Clayton was fairly mesmerized. Jack said that he felt old.

"You don't look different," Clayton said.

"I feel different," Jack said, and he held his beer to his forehead.

"How so?" Clayton asked, and Jack smiled.

"*You* look different," he said after a while, glancing at Clayton then quickly away. "Is that a gut I see there?"

Clayton lifted his shirt, exposing his belly. The waistband of his underwear shone white against his suntanned skin. His stomach was flat and marked with muscle.

"You're seeing things, man," Clayton said, and he made his abs hard and remarkable, and Jack laughed and called him a show-off and took a swat at the boy's outstretched legs.

"I missed you," he said.

"Yeah, I missed you too," Clayton said.

Jack stood and snatched up his beer bottle, throwing the empty out across the lawn. Clayton stayed where he was, watching Jack walk into the house again and noticing the way the silky shorts played over Jack's behind, not realizing the full import of his observation.

The sun was setting, the air over the yard buzzed with fireflies, and shadows hung at the edge of the lawn. Somebody hollered "Quit!" to a barking dog. Clayton opened his other beer and listened for Jack inside. There was nothing, not a sound. Clayton waited and waited and said "Jack" once, twice, then "Uncle Jack," getting nothing in return but quiet. He got up out of his chair and walked to the screen door. The house was dark. Clayton looked across the lawn; the air was blue and flashing. He heard a strange noise from inside, a noise that sounded like a muffled cry.

"Uncle Jack?" he said, opening the screen door and stepping inside. "Hey, Uncle Jack," he called out, walking toward the kitchen. He stepped around the dark shadow of a chair. The kitchen was empty.

He went around to the front of the house and heard the noise again, something like a cry, a gasp. He climbed the steps, taking them two at a time, and nearly tripped over Jack at the top of the stairs. Jack's hands went out to the boy's hips. "Careful," he whispered, because Clayton was close to falling backward. Jack held him tightly with his hands and his legs. Clayton was not surprised when Jack pushed his face against the boy's T-shirt, but the wet of tears he felt when his arm brushed the side of Jack's face alarmed him.

"What's wrong, Uncle Jack?" Clayton said. "Is it Daddy?"

Jack nodded into Clayton's shirt and sighed.

"I can't say anything," he said, his voice muffled and warm through the thin fabric of Clayton's shirt.

Clayton pulled back. "He's all right, isn't he?"

"He's fine, fine," Jack said, looking up.

Clayton put his hands on Jack's shoulders then. *I'm not thinking,* he told himself, *and this doesn't really mean anything other than what a person's hands on another person's shoulders means,* and when Jack lifted Clayton's shirt and breathed against the boy's stomach, Clayton himself stopped breathing.

"Your daddy and me used to be close," Jack whispered, and Clayton recalled nights when he couldn't sleep and sat beside his window and saw his daddy slipping out of the house, wearing just his boxers and sometimes nothing at all. He would watch his father disappear into the night, walking across the grassy plot that separated their house and Uncle Jack's, and Clayton wouldn't think a thing of it. It really wasn't making any sense to him now. Daddy? Uncle Jack? Uncle Jack coming out of Daddy's room one morning when he shouldn't have been, saying to Clayton, "Your daddy ain't feeling too well this morning, Clayt," wearing Daddy's bathrobe and looking, in Clayton's memory now, surprised and sheepish and hungover.

And Clayton thought of his daddy then and why he didn't want Clayton to wrestle on his team because of that night in the living room when Daddy pushed away the coffee table and the hassock and told Clayton to get down on all fours and assume the position. Something happened then that made Daddy say Clayton would never wrestle again—"Not on my team," Daddy said, his hands over the front of his boxers. Everything happened so quickly that Clayton was only vaguely aware that anything had happened.

Jack chinned Clayton's navel.

"You and Daddy," Clayton said, putting his hands on the man's head, palming the short bristles that had gone steely gray before Jack had even graduated from high school.

"You don't seem too surprised," he heard Jack say. "Maybe we weren't as careful as your daddy thought. Anyway, he's got himself something in Quarryville—he ain't saying who or what, and I'm not asking, but I'll bet you it's that son of a bitch Buddy Meyers."

"Daddy's first all-state," Clayton whispered, and Jack nodded.

Clayton had been hard now for some time—ever since Jack had lifted his T-shirt and breathed onto the boy's stomach, heating up the skin there. Jack's hands drifted from Clayton's hips to the boy's butt cheeks and gripped them strongly, and Clayton leaned into Jack's face and felt the wet slip of Jack's tongue along the trailing hairs that crept up and out of Clayton's shorts.

"What am I doing?" Jack said, and Clayton pushed the man back so that he was laid out on the top of the stairs, Clayton standing between his bent legs, hands resting on Jack's knees.

"You're not doing anything, Jack," Clayton said, running his hands up the man's stony thighs, up into the gray silk of the shorts until he felt the silky bag of Jack's nut sac.

Jack crossed his arms over his head as Clayton slowly undressed: first his shirt, which he pulled up over his chest, revealing smooth, bench-pressed pecs, each dotted with a wide-areolaed nipple that looked almost brown in the dark of the stairwell. He pulled the shirt all the way off and shook his blond hair back into place and ran his hands over his torso until they hit the hot inside of his shorts and the stick he was sporting for Jack.

He wasn't so much experienced in this sort of thing as he was ready for it. Clayton's first and only experience had been last semester's "accident," as he referred to it in his own mind, after a frat party with a boy who looked something like Keanu Reeves. Clayton had been as drunk as he could be and managed to black out everything, the entire party, with the exception of the memory of this boy's dick sliding down his throat. He was prepared to do the same for Jack now.

He pulled on the elastic waist of Jack's shorts, feeling the lay of the man's cock under his hands, and he uncovered it. Even in the dark it was easy to see, nestled in black pubes, thick and pale and squat.

Clayton bowed to it, putting his lips on the head and taking it into his mouth. He tasted the salty seed that rimmed the piss slit and stuck his tongue there for more. Jack moaned, and Clayton was pleased with the responsibility. The man's prick pulsed on his tongue; he filled his mouth with it, taking it to the dark bush, and Jack moaned again. His hands roamed over the man's thighs, which moved easily, spreading for Clayton. He touched Jack's hole, and the man gave a sharp sigh.

The prick hopped from Clayton's mouth. He pulled Jack's butt to the edge of the landing and got the man's heavy legs up in the air, his hands gripping the soft backs of Jack's thighs. He nosed into the hole, the black crack, honing in on the big, smooth gash, which opened easily. Clayton worked his tongue in and out of the fluttering cunt. It was more like a pussy than he had imagined; he'd found his own to be tighter and grittier, and he loved the sensations he could cause for himself spread-eagled on the dormitory floor, a finger or two or three jammed up his asshole.

He put a finger into Jack, then two, then three, and the man's butt bucked, and his cock bobbed and slapped against his stomach. With his free hand Clayton gripped the fidgety cock and stroked, sliding his fingers over the head for the sticky sauce that seeped up from the fat root of the thing, and Jack grunted, gyrating his hips, fucking up through Clayton's fist and down on the boy's thick fingers.

Clayton was not prepared for the intensity of Jack's orgasm. It came like a sudden storm off a lake, complete with thunder and lightning and heavy, rolling clouds. Jack locked his legs around the boy and started swearing and saying Clayton's name again and again. Clayton jacked hard on the man's prick and finger-fucked him until the soft spot inside the man's ass went stone hard and Jack's cock fountained a warm spray.

Clayton moved fast, getting his own dribbling cock out. He laid himself over Jack, humped into the sticky mess of Jack's load, and brought himself off that way, with flashing strokes and held breath, his face tucked under the man's chin, sucking hard on the beard-prickly skin there.

Jack got himself out from under the boy. "I need a beer," he said, and he touched his stomach, covered with the mix of their ejaculations. Clayton laughed and leaned over to lick some of it, and Jack shied away. Clayton could see that the man's prick was still stiff, rising up out of his black bush. He wanted it in his mouth again and leaned over for it.

"I think," Jack said slowly, hands on Clayton's chest, "that you ought to get on home, Clayt."

Clayton put his hand over Jack's mouth, rubbing his day's growth of beard there, stopping the man's lips.

"All right," he said, and he pulled up his shorts and started down the steps.

"Clayt," Jack started and stopped. Clayton turned around and looked up into the darkness.

"I'm sorry," the man said.

"What for?"

"Just all of it," Jack said.

Clayton wanted to say something, something about love, like "I love you, Jack Bell," but he couldn't do it, couldn't say anything, and he just turned around again and walked down the stairs. He heard Jack say after him, "I'm sorry, and it won't happen again."

Clayton awoke the next morning with Jack on his mind, in his dreams, hands with callused palms between

Neither of them heard Clayton's father.

his legs. He got up out of bed, his room filled with sunlight, and walked down the hall, past his father's empty room, to the john for a piss. His dick was hard and unyielding, and he had to hunch over the toilet and aim as best as he could. He wiped up what missed. Downstairs, past the trophy cabinet filled with his father's awards and winnings, he went into the kitchen to make a cup of instant. His cock arched stiffly, stubbornly, refusing to go down. He stepped out on the back porch, looking over at Jack's house, wanting to be seen like this, naked and hard in the light of day. He was half tempted to walk right over there and interrupt Jack's Sunday breakfast.

Daddy's due back sometime today, the boy was thinking as he stepped down to the cool, wet grass. He kept his eyes on Jack's house and listened. There were birdcalls and little else. He started walking, the early morning sun on his shoulders, on his prick; he wanted to be with Jack.

Jack sat at the kitchen table with the Sunday paper, and he did not see Clayton right away, did not see the boy's erection pressed against the screen. Jack was naked as well, hunched over the sports section. He jiggled his right leg and thumbed his nipple. He looked up slowly, as if hearing something, and he saw the boy there in the doorway. A smile moved his lips.

"I was just thinking about you," he said.

He stood and went to the door.

"I made a terrible mistake last night, Clayt, and I'm awfully sorry. I wasn't even drunk enough to have that as an excuse." He looked down to the floor or maybe at his own fat and limp prick. That's what Clayton was looking at, anyway. It twitched once and seemed to expand slowly and also rise. Jack shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest.

"I don't remember when it was I first started looking at you," Jack said. "I guess it was that summer you worked at the store."

Clayton's dick pushed against the screen.

"That is your daddy's dick, spitting image." He smiled and looked into Clayton's eyes and stepped up to the door. Putting his lips to the screen, he kissed the boy through the wire mesh.

Clayton stepped inside and laid himself across the paper-topped table, hunching up his hips. He wanted to feel Jack's mouth on his puss. "Eat me," he said, feeling strange saying it, feeling surprised when Jack actually did it, when he felt the man's breath on his balls and the sandpaper of Jack's cheeks on his inner thighs.

Jack put his fingers around the rim of the boy's hole, spreading it and putting his tongue into the opening. Clayton wiggled his butt. The sensation was awesome and indescribable and just about as good as he'd imagined it would be.

"Fuck," he sighed, and Jack said, "Hmm?" Clayton saw the man's raised eyebrows. Jack looked up from his breakfast and said, "Do you really want me to?"

Clayton nodded.

Jack stood, and his dick was even with the top of the table. He aimed his prick at the boy's soft gash and poked into the spit-coated slit. "Oh!" Clayton said at the first hot jab. He lifted his legs and wrapped them around Jack's waist, allowing the man slow entry. It wasn't hurting as much as he'd anticipated, and when Jack was all the way in and making the stretch to put his lips on Clayton's, his hilted cock felt huge and pleasant, and Clayton felt as though his ass had been made for this one purpose only—for Jack's thick meat.

The man eased out and back in, and Clayton put his hands on Jack's hips. He sat up and noticed the difference, the new way Jack's cock was in him, and it felt even better, hitting dead against the soft spot inside. Jack held on to the boy's ass and lifted him off the table. He fucked into the boy while looking into Clayton's eyes, and Clayton thought, *I guess I've always loved him,* and they kissed again.

Neither of them heard Clayton's father come into the house, nor did they see him stand for a moment watching his son and sometime lover fucking. He stayed longer than he dared, wanting first to kill Jack Bell. But he was also hard and could see the fat shaft of Jack's cock sliding up into Clayton's smooth white butt. He was ashamed and amazed and touching himself, walking backward slowly, listening to the sounds of the two of them fucking, and his son cried out, a voice at once familiar and somehow different, changed by lust. And he heard Jack's moan, which he knew was a signal for the man's last few savage strokes.

Jack rode into the boy, bucking against his butt bones fiercely, and Clayton was able to get a hand between them and grab his own cock.

"Ain't that good?" Jack was saying, and Clayton tried to nod, but he was beginning to pop, and he shot up between them just as Jack was pumping his own load deep into the boy's pulsing asshole.

"Did you hear something?" Jack said after he'd caught his breath. The front door shut gently.

"Not a thing," the boy said, back on the table, his dick dipping slowly and stringing a gob of goo from its reddened tip.

Clayton became Jack Bell's lover that summer, and he slipped out at night and walked across the wet lawns the way he'd seen his father slipping out so many years ago. They didn't know that Clayton's daddy knew or that he'd stand outside windows watching them making love, jerking off into the dewy grass himself. They did what they could to slow down time, to stretch their days, to push back the day when Clayton would return to school. They fucked and fucked, and the minutes turned to hours. ●

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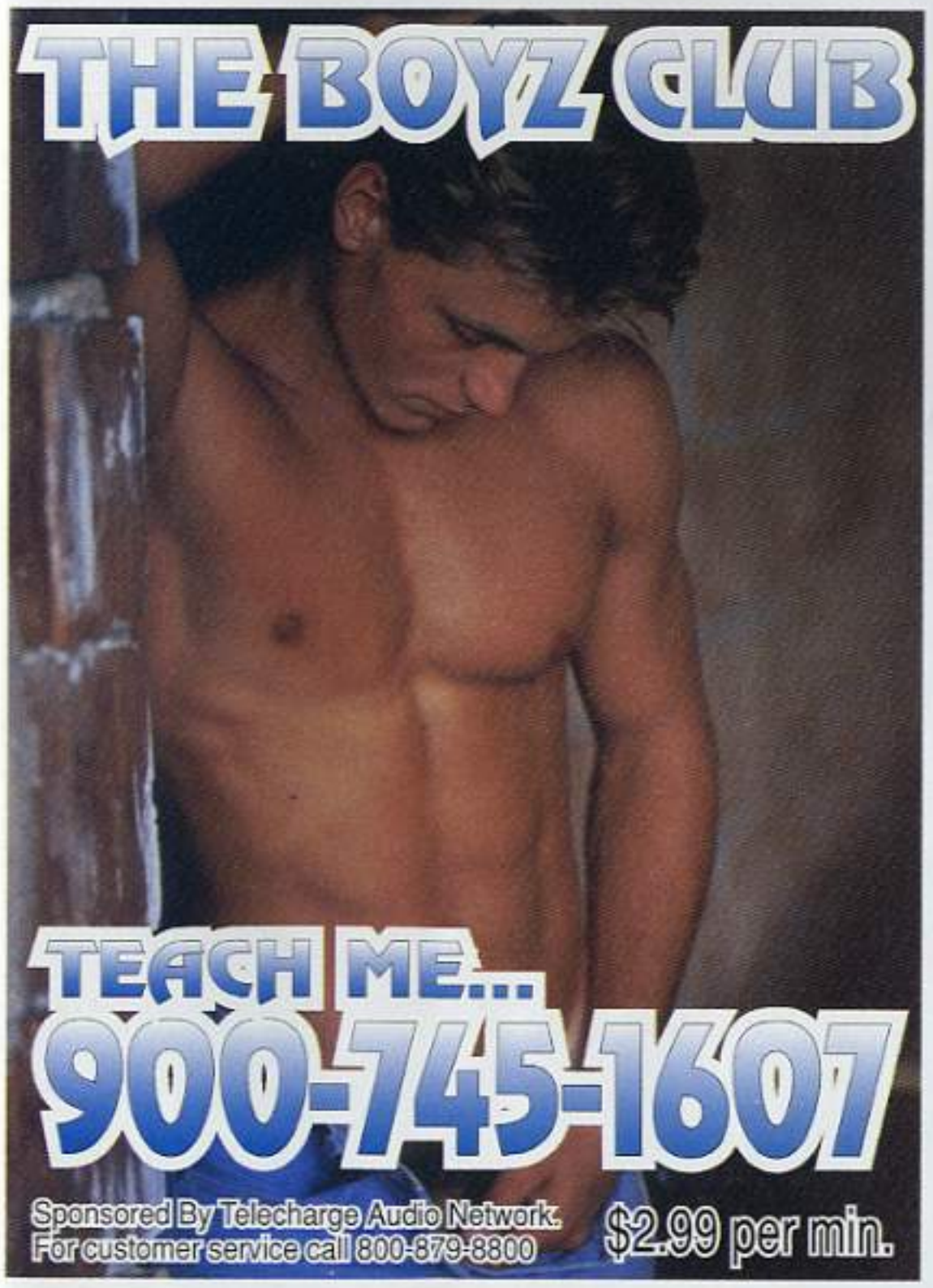
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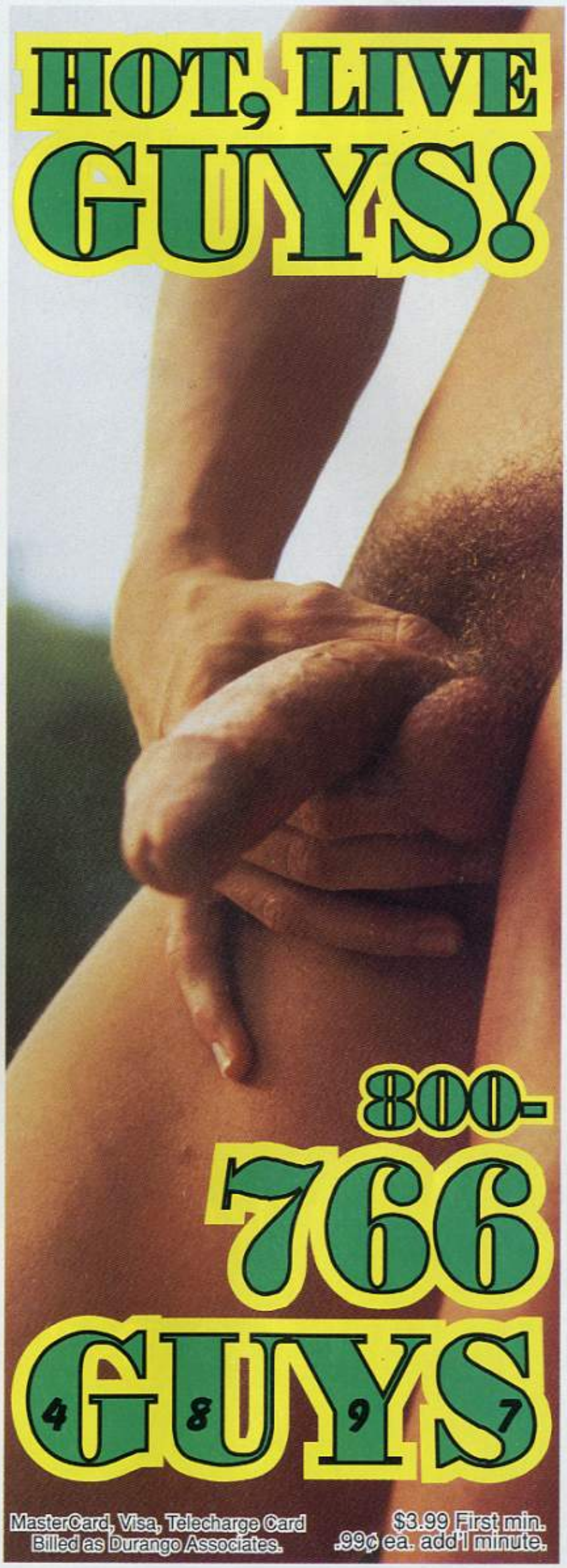
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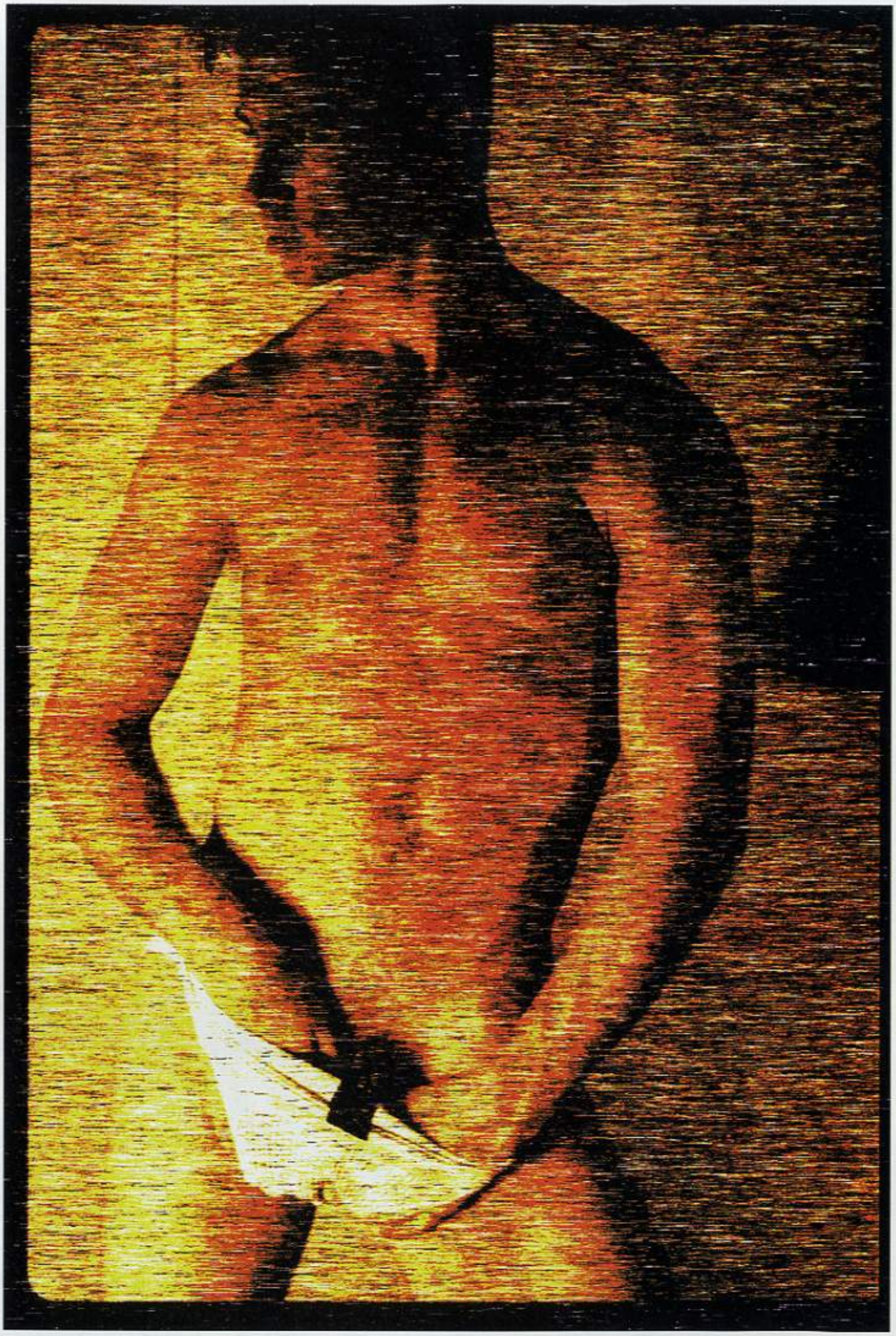


showers, some heavy

by Phil Cole

Eye contact? No doubt about it. Was it just that we were the only gringos in this backwater airport? No, definitely eye contact, with intent to commit lots of other contact given half the chance. I had to forget about it. He was on the other side of the barrier, and I was being pointed toward customs. A little dicey, this. Grand Turk was still a British protectorate, so I didn't *think* they'd try anything so tyrannical as a body search. There was nothing even vaguely compromising in my bag, but "on my person" I had enough pot for three or four good sessions or three or four years in the slammer—depending on your point of view.

That hurdle over, another loomed. I'd arranged for a light plane to meet my flight and take me the last leg, to a club on a private island 20 air minutes away. Here was the pilot, all servile apologies: shipping strike, no "petrol," earliest we could "hop off" tomorrow, had taken liberty to book me into only "hostelry," delighted to drive me there. Lovely lilting accent; I almost forgave her.

Grand Turk is the pits. About two thirds of it is salt flats, looking from the air like radioactivity incarnate. The salt once provided the island with an exportable commodity, but that died, and no amount of hoopla has pulled in the tourists. I was surprised by the "hostelry." Big, old-frame Victorian, all verandas and turrets, it looked across a broad lawn out at Turks Island Passage in the general direction of Haiti. An even nicer surprise was the guy from the airport, he of the roving eye. He was coming off the veranda, headed for the beach, all togged up for a jog. I wasn't quick enough out of the car, and he couldn't have seen me through the glare on the windshield. Later.

He was what they call a strawberry blond—apt enough, I suppose, though it conjures up '40s pop lyrics. Anyway, somewhere between a blond and a redhead. His hair—shoulder-length, parted in the middle—looked like it got a ritual 200 strokes just before he went to bed. I'm always surprised to see long hair now, somehow getting it into my head that the last of it disappeared just about the time the last helicopter was lifting off the embassy roof in Saigon. On him it looked good. All of him looked good: I guessed him to be about 22; six feet tall, give or take; swimmer's build; body hair, but not too much of it. All in all, just the diversion I needed to get through 24 hours on Grand Turk. Of course, I had to convince him that being so diverted was in his best interests as well, but I thought back to the airport eye contact and ahead to my powers of persuasion and came away reassured. I'm not a bad-looking guy—in shape, but in all honesty probably not someone another guy, crazed with lust, would pursue relentlessly. But definitely not a reject, especially not on Grand Turk.

Having checked in and showered New York and various other hubs along the way off the not-too-terrible bod, I went downstairs to lie in wait for my prey. Lo and behold, there he was at the front desk, having words with the room clerk, loud enough so I didn't have to eavesdrop.

"I'm paying for a room with a shower, and if the shower doesn't work, you'll have to give me another room." Middle- to upper-class New York? Yale? Definitely irritated.

There was no doubt he could use a shower. His run had left him very sweaty, and my view of his buns was much enhanced by the fact that his shorts were sticking to him, the crack nicely defined.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but we're completely booked. I have a boy looking for the plumber, and we'll try to have it repaired by this evening." Pleasant, not to be ruffled, West Indies version of Brit.

"Excuse me, maybe I can help out here," I said. "I just took a shower, and I know mine works. If the gentleman would care to..."

I trailed off here, thinking enough had been said. The "gentleman" turned to me, the belligerence he'd been focusing on the clerk still on his face. I didn't have to be gifted with telepathy to read his mind: Airport. Cruised him. Cruised me. Smile slowly replacing scowl. Things were working out better than I'd expected.

"Hey, appreciate it," to me, and a last blast at the clerk: "I want that fixed by 6 o'clock." And we were on our way up the Stairway to Paradise.

Scoot ("Friends call me Scoot") went on to his room for something or other, and I left my door open so he could find me. I had been running over various gambits en route. One thing could be disposed of right away—he was going to shower, and after the shower he would be naked. I

didn't have to work at getting him naked. I had to get me naked to level the playing field, but did I have it in me on such short acquaintance to suggest we shower together? A little forward. Besides, almost as much as the sex, I like the quest. There was absolutely no subtlety in this.

Pot! Pot's the thing in which I'll catch my…

Scoot came into the room, clean shorts over a shoulder. He'd left his tank top and running shoes in his room, down now to shorts (and jockstrap?). Yes. Off came the shorts as he closed the door. Nice bulge—he'd probably stroked himself coming down the hall. Quarter hard? Half? I hoped quarter, because from his hands, his feet, and his build, I was figuring big meat. I was going to have to wait. One surprise—a surprise since it seemed a little out of character: a tattoo. A big eagle on his left pec was coming in for a landing on his left nipple, talons outstretched, just inches before giving that nipple a hefty clutch. Gave me goose bumps. He had just enough hair on his pecs to muddy the tattoo. Resolved: Get a better look later.

As he went by he gave my biceps a hard squeeze and grazed his bulging jock across the fly front of my ducks.

"So what are you doing in this hellhole?" he asked me.

I gave him a quick rundown of my predicament and asked him the same thing.

"I work for a yacht broker in New Haven. I'm delivering a yawl to Barbados. The auxiliary engine gave out on me off Pine Cay"—where I was headed—"so I ran her into Turk. No parts. Strike. So I'm stuck here until they can fly them in from Miami. Nobody seems in any kind of hurry. May be here for days."

Did I really want to go to Pine Cay? Grand Turk suddenly had an allure that no travel publicist had been able to hype since the salt ran out.

Scoot had sat down on a straight chair, back arched to form the hypotenuse, legs spread out, hands behind his head, holding his hair in an improvised ponytail. The bulge in that jock was definitely getting bigger. In polo shirt and ducks, leaning against the bathroom doorjamb, I was no match for this cock tease. I needed time; he gave it to me.

"Well, better get showered," he said, catapulting off his perch and heading for me and the bathroom. The doorway wasn't that narrow, but we pretended it was. As he went by he gave my biceps a hard squeeze and grazed his bulging jock across the fly front of my ducks.

When I heard water and the door to the stall close, I stripped down to my briefs, sat on the edge of the bed, and began to roll joints. He was all business, the water off in about two minutes, the only sound now his toweling down. I was sitting on the side of the bed opposite the bathroom door, facing away. I felt the mattress lurch, and then he was right behind me, looking over my shoulder, breathing on my neck, practically nuzzling it.

"Oh, what have we here?" he murmured. "You didn't get that here—they don't have any. No wonder you were looking so nervous. I hear that bitch at customs has a very sensitive nose, and that was guilt written all over your face, come to think of it. I thought at the time it was something else."

I turned to face him, and we duplicated our eye contact from the airport, holding it longer this time and each adding a confirmatory grin to seal the deal.

"Be that as it may, I got it through without a hitch," I said. "It's pure Colombian. Think of it as a gift, something I got through the hell and the heat of the tropics and Brit bureaucracy just so you could have a soothing afternoon."

"And I thank you," he said as his lips just barely touched my neck and he lay down on his back, hand and arm on my thigh, just barely, both actions designed to prolong the pretense, the tease, a little longer, just for the fun of it. Did the kiss really happen? Was the arm really there?

I lit the joint, took a long drag, and, resisting the urge to look in the direction of his cock, swiveled toward him to hand it to him.

"No, you do it. Put it in my mouth and let me suck on it."

When I took it from his mouth, it was very wet. He just chuckled, looking me in the eyes, the corners of his own crinkling.

We toked back and forth like this, breathing harder, eyes glazing a little, until there wasn't much left of the joint but strands and saliva.

"Did somebody tattoo that eagle on you right through the hair?" I asked, reaching across him, just ruffling the hair, not letting my hand make real contact with his skin: silk, with a little bounce.

"Shaved me."

"Just your pec?" To say the word was to touch the object, to identify it. I lowered my hand through the silk and began to caress it, felt the nipple stiffen, thinking for a second how funny one shaved pec would look.

"All over, shaved my whole body. It was after we shaved each other that we thought about the tattoo. Always wanted one, seemed a good time. His is on the other side. He's so hairy, now it's grown back you're not even sure you see it."

"Whole body, huh?" I rubbed my hand over his pec, up under his arms, down over his pecs again, down to his abs, back and forth across them, then made a circle with my thumb and forefinger and ran it down over his cock (Christ! Inches, inches, inches!), finally coming to rest clutching the base.

"Yeah, there too. My balls were the best part."

Without my even telling it to, my hand went down to cup his balls, just as he'd expected, of course. He grinned, moved his hand off my thigh, across my crotch, down and under and inside my briefs, then cupped and squeezed mine. He lay there, and I sat there, our hands massaging balls, then cocks. He hitched himself up on an elbow, leaning into me. Then we went after each other's mouths, gently at first, then like two people vying to see who could eat the other first.

After a few minutes of this, our hands now everywhere, I pushed him farther onto the bed and swung myself around, and in no time we were in full sixty-nine position. I felt him wrestling my briefs down, but they were his problem. I got my hands under him, kneaded his ass, stared long enough at that beautiful cock to burn its image into my mind, and then went after it, first the head, then down the shaft. By now he'd got my briefs down and was pulling my stiff dick back through my legs with his mouth. He was as hungry as I was, and I could tell that this was going to be a quickie. I decided to make the most of it and took the whole thing right up to the hilt. He arched up, and I almost gagged. Trying to match me wasn't easy at the angle he had my cock, but he did it. Both of us were either going to have to come or strangle. Survival won out. For an instant I didn't even realize he was pumping come down my throat, my body and mind were so engrossed in

pumping mine down his. The spasms over, our cocks didn't go all the way to soft, but the situation no longer seemed life-threatening either. We stayed where we were for a while, extracting the last bit of pleasure from our still-hard rods. When we finally untangled, the sun was doing its tropical thing, dropping *kerplunk!* into the water, plunging Grand Turk into sudden and complete darkness. I've often thought that when it pulls this trick, it should be accompanied by a sizzling sound.

"Wonder if they've fixed my shower," Scoot said after we'd spent an hour or so wearing out our tongues on each other. "Let's go check. We can't use yours anyway—all the towels are wet."

When we got to what Scoot obviously thought was his door, he did a little double take, yanking his hand off the knob as if it were hot. The door was slightly ajar, and a metallic tapping sound was coming from inside. He gave me a sharp look, shook his head, and hit the door hard. It flew into the room, crashing against the wall.

The bedroom was dark, but light was streaming through the open door of the bathroom. The crash of the door had brought the tapping to an abrupt halt. As we stood just inside the bedroom, a milk-chocolate giant appeared, wiping his hands on a rag. His size belied his obvious youth and was emphasized by the doorway—when he got into it, there wasn't any left. His face, up to and including his eyes, was clearly visible, but the rest of his head was up there above the doorjamb somewhere. I don't think I've ever seen such a build, and I was seeing a lot of it, because all he had on was a pair of denim cutoffs.

"Hey, mon, I fix de shower." The voice was basso profundo Caribbean, and I herewith cease and desist in any attempts to reproduce it in print. It comes out comical in print, and it isn't comical—it's lyrical.

The accent was beautiful too, but the tone was a little aggrieved, as though he couldn't quite see why his good deed was getting this reception. We were, after all, standing there rigid, in battle stance, all primed to catch a thief.

Scoot relieved the tension with a series of hoots and switched on the bedroom lights. Buzz (yes, his name was Buzz—Jesus! Had the whole world attended prep school?) bent down to come through the bathroom door, still wiping his hands (Christ! Those hands!), and broke into a big grin. Everything about Buzz was big. Even the air surrounding him seemed big—he had a distinct aura.

"Hey, man, sorry, really." Scoot said. There was the awe in his voice that I was experiencing.

"Just finished," Buzz said. "This climate, stuff starts getting rusty even before you can put it together. Fixed now, let me show you."

We all crowded into the bathroom, Scoot and I showing a little more enthusiasm than would normally be called for when witnessing the phenomenon of a shower in working order. Buzz demonstrated the shower's resurrection. He was still grinning, his gaze cutting back and forth between us, and he said, "You guys been havin' fun? Looks like you could maybe use a shower."

"Care to join us? Test it out? Make sure it doesn't need any little adjustments?"

At first I couldn't believe I'd heard Scoot say this, and then it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and I smiled up at Buzz my seconding of the motion.

"Sure," he said, "but let's not get our clothes wet."

"Clothes" seemed something of an overstatement, what with Buzz in his cutoffs and Scoot and me in just the shorts we'd thought would make us decent enough for the sprint from my room to his.

The overstatement seemed particularly so judging by the time it took us to get naked. If Scoot's and my glances had been laser beams, sparks would have flown as they crossed each other pointing in the direction of—Jesus H. Christ!—a horse dong that hadn't even started to get hard.

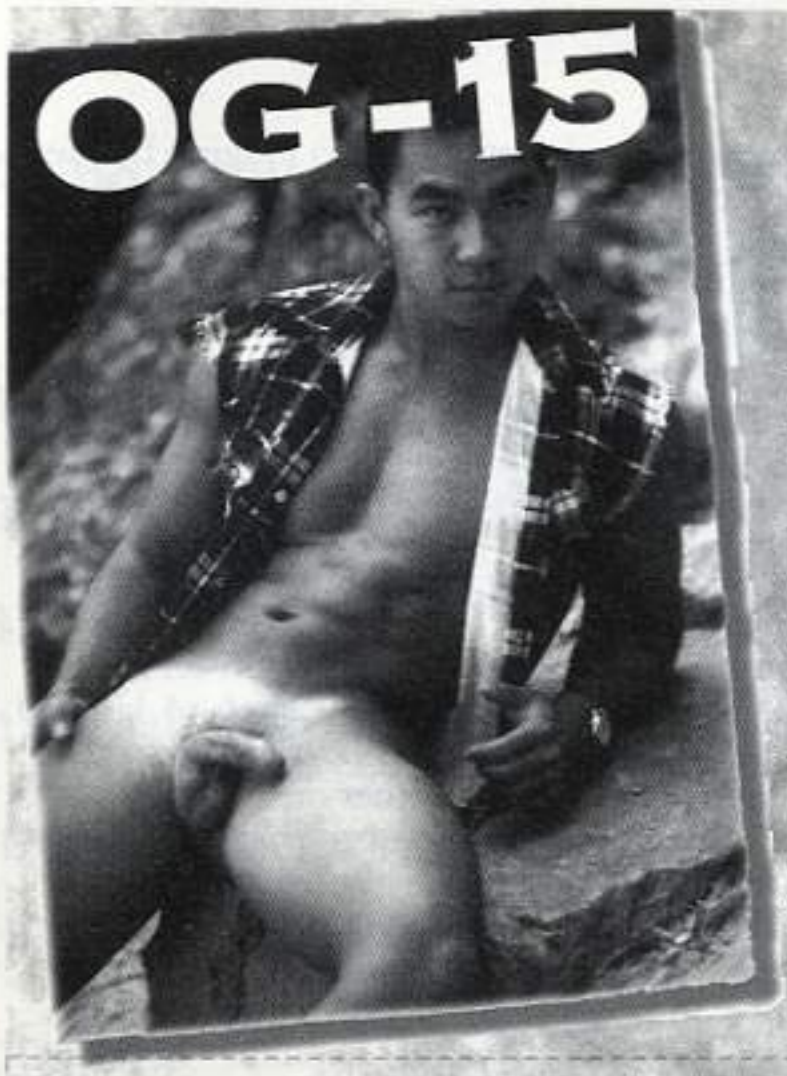
The shower stall would have been fairly comfortable for two average-size people. Scoot and I got in. I broke the bar of soap in half, giving a portion to Scoot. Both of us were half hard just from looking at Buzz. When he followed us in, pressing up against us, I went full-rod. My cock was bent down against his thigh, and after reaching down to pull it up, I found my hand straying to his, where it encountered Scoot's hand, already pushing back the foreskin and massaging the head. With my other hand I began to lather Buzz's shoulder, noticing that Scoot had beat me to it again and was already hard at work on the other one.

I wanted Buzz to flex but didn't want to ask; he seemed to get the picture anyway and suddenly became another size larger. The shoulder that had been pliant and velvety was now hard, and I could feel the muscles ripple. I lathered it some more and then moved down to his biceps. Even if I'd had the use of both hands, I couldn't have got them around his upper arm. Hell, I would've needed both hands to have done justice to that cock, which, by my estimates, was hanging down a foot at least. I moved my hand across his pec and lightly pinched the nipple. Buzz moaned with delight and came at my mouth with his tongue. I pinched his nipple harder and gently bit his tongue as it entered my mouth.

Buzz had given up being the passive object of adulation and had both of our cocks in his hands, jerking a little too fast for me—I wanted this to last. I slowed him down and somehow managed to get down on my knees, the unyielding wall of the shower stall forcing me against his thighs. Scoot, pulling the same maneuver, finished off what was left of anything you could call space. Both of us went for Buzz's cock, and both of us won. God! There was so much of it. While we sucked, our hands, by some sort of meeting of the minds, met at the crack of Buzz's ass, and we both began to probe. What with the sucking and the finger fucking, Buzz—way up there—was making strange keening noises, not loud, but increasing in intensity. I could tell that we were getting there, ready or not, and with my free hand I grabbed Scoot's cock just as he grabbed mine. I felt Buzz's cock tense as it began to erupt, and we both locked tongues and took it in our mouths, slathering jizz all over our faces. Buzz's pelvis thrust forward time after time, bashing our heads into the back of the stall. For the second time that day, Scoot and I came concurrently.

I felt Buzz's cock tense as it began to erupt, and we both locked tongues and took it in our mouths, slathering jizz over our faces.

Would you be at all surprised if I told you I never did make it to Pine Cay? Well, I didn't. Buzz and I signed on as crew on Scoot's yawl and went with him to Barbados. There, the three of us met up with a guy named Biff. ●



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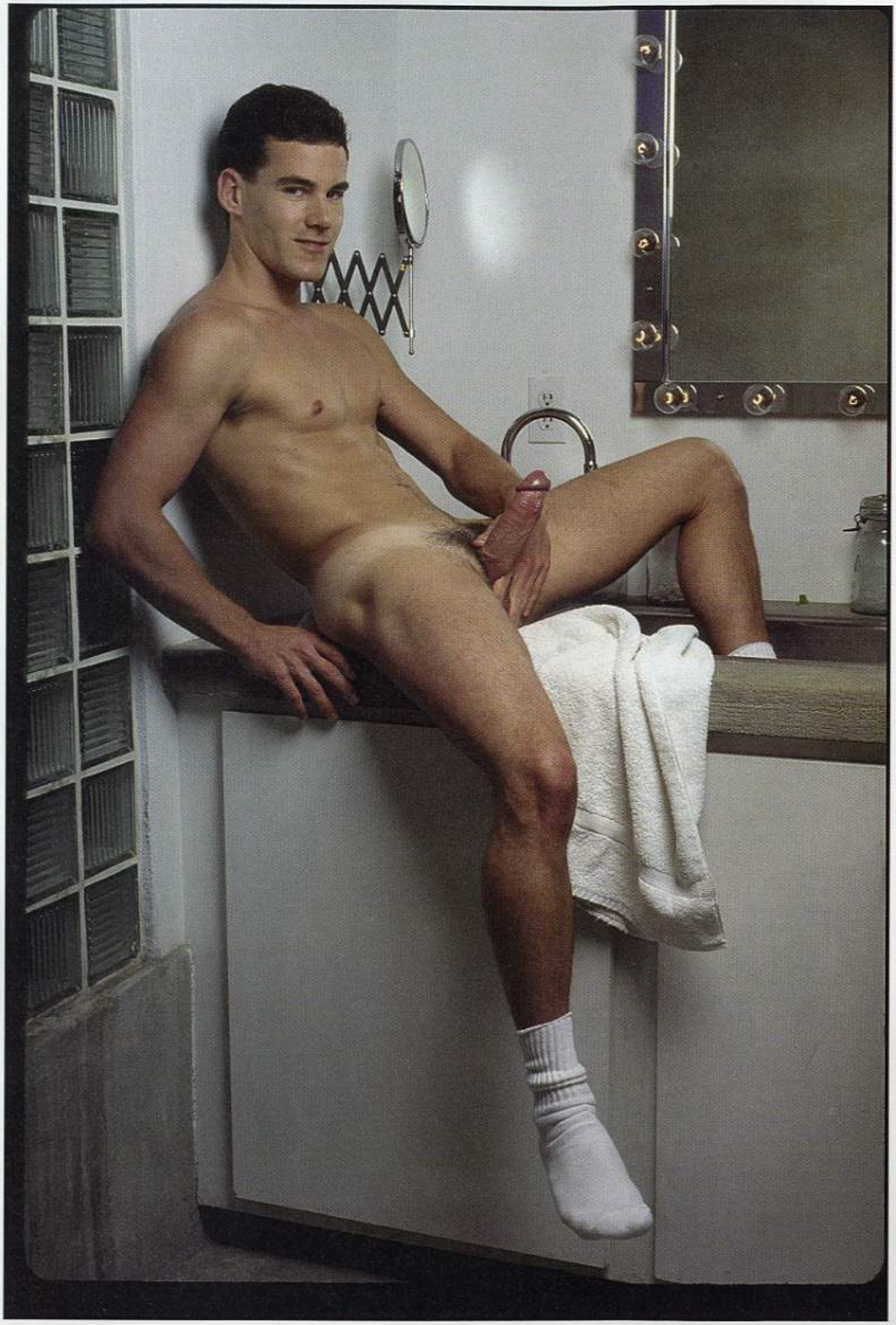

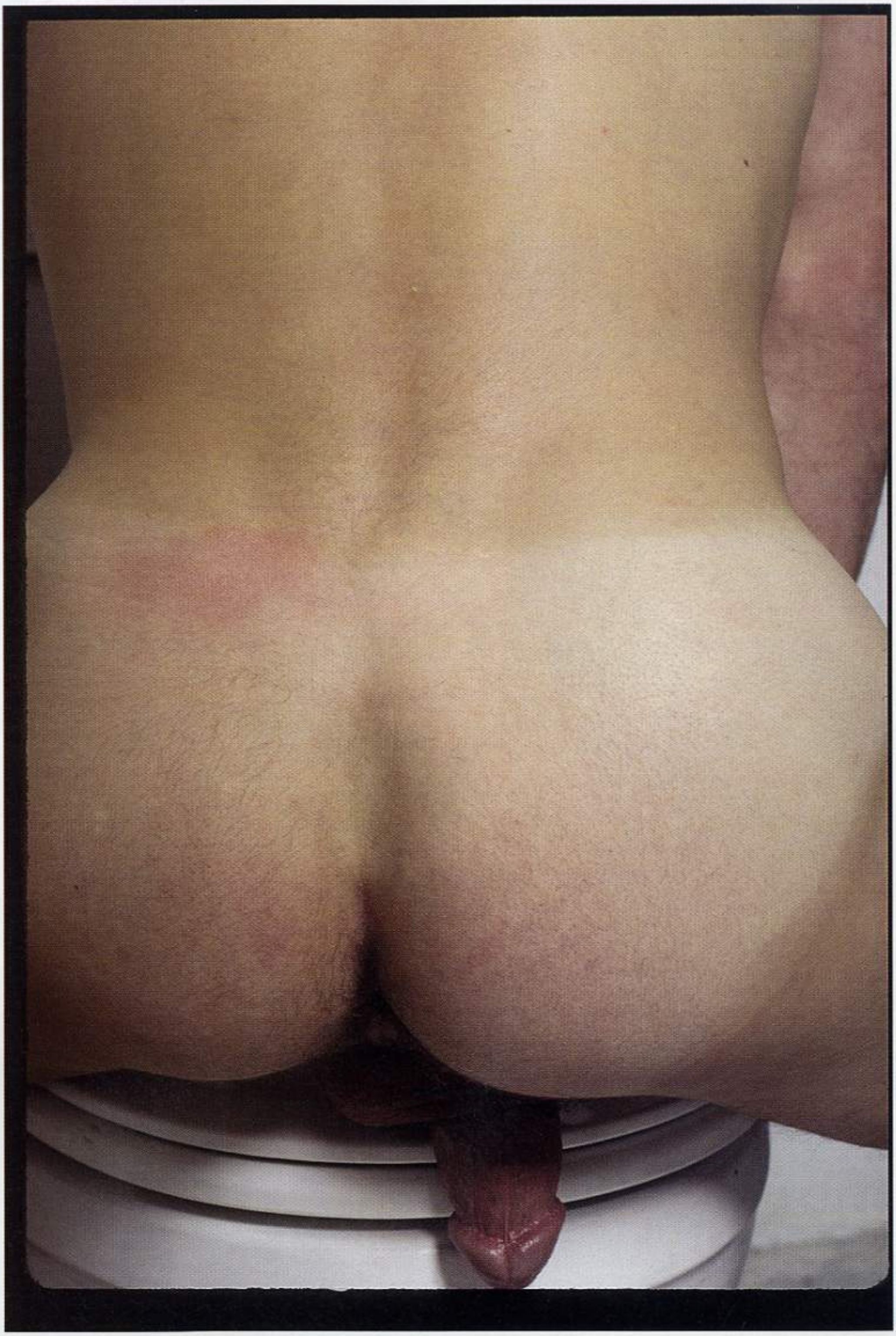

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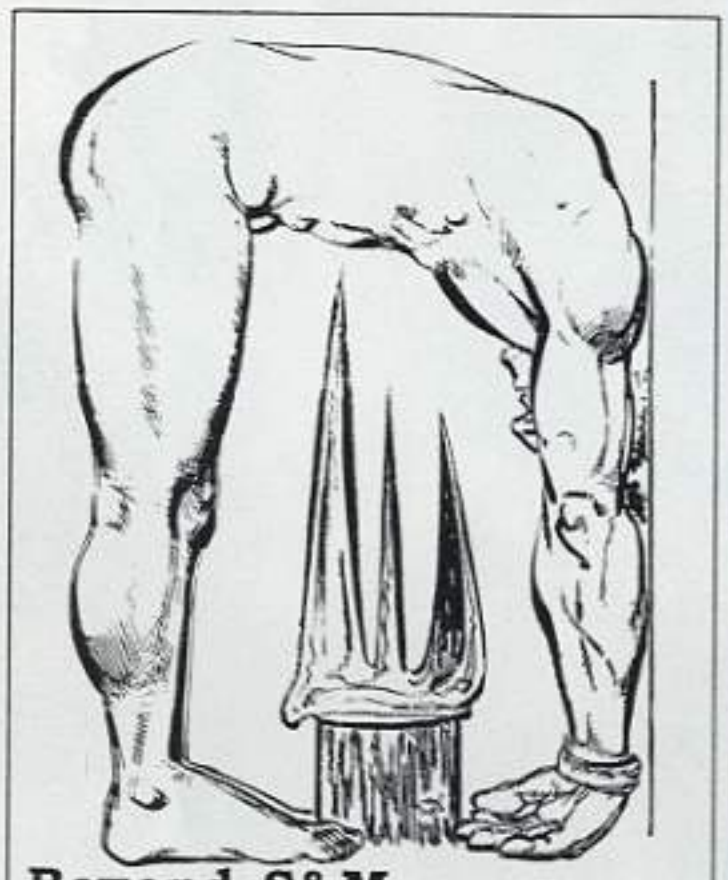

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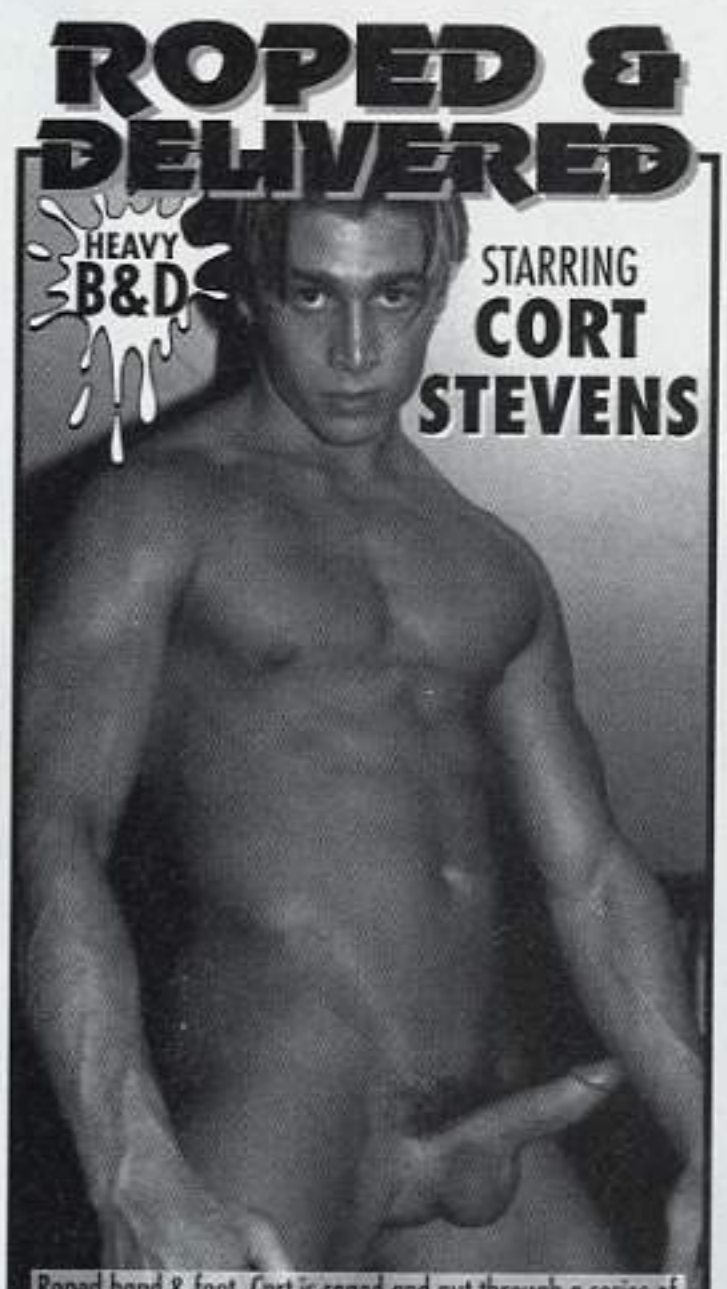

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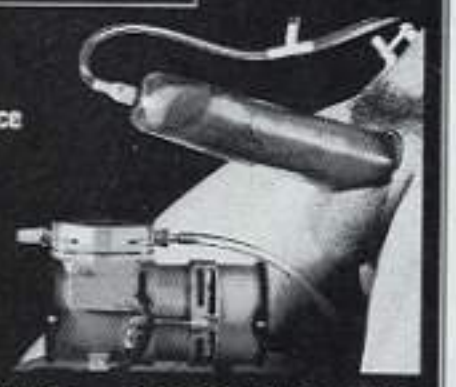

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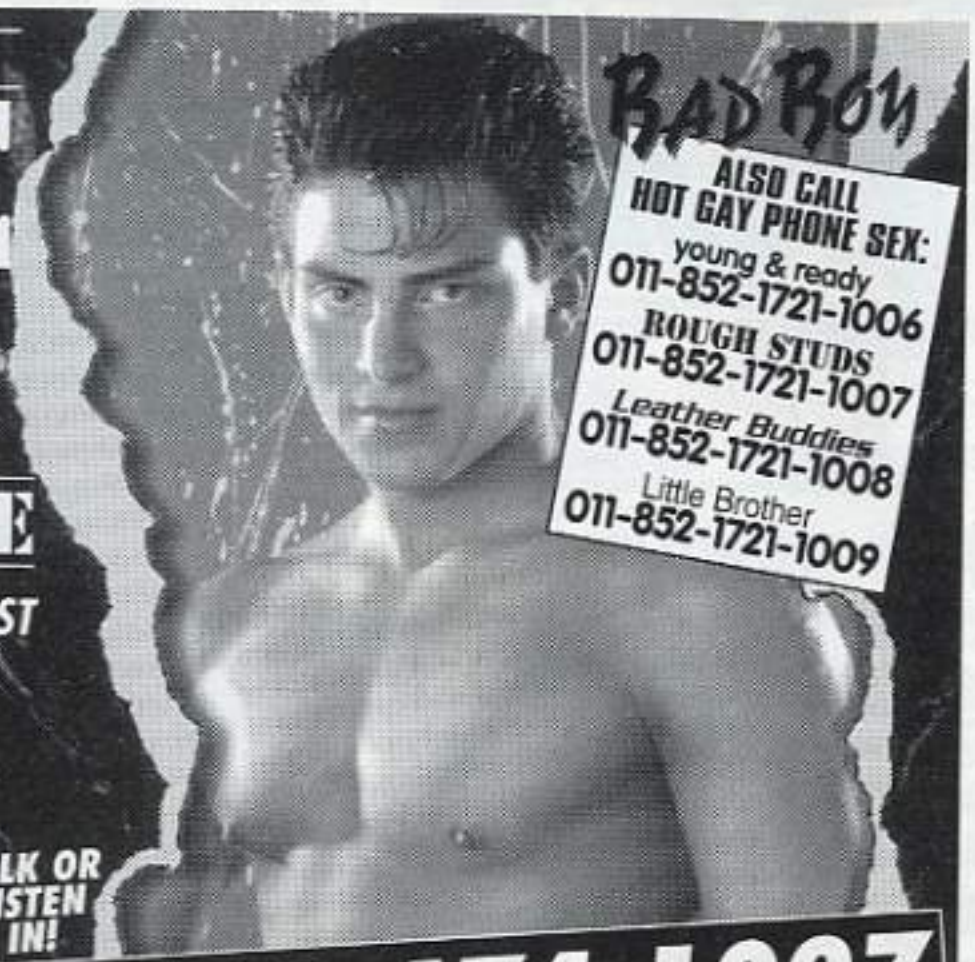

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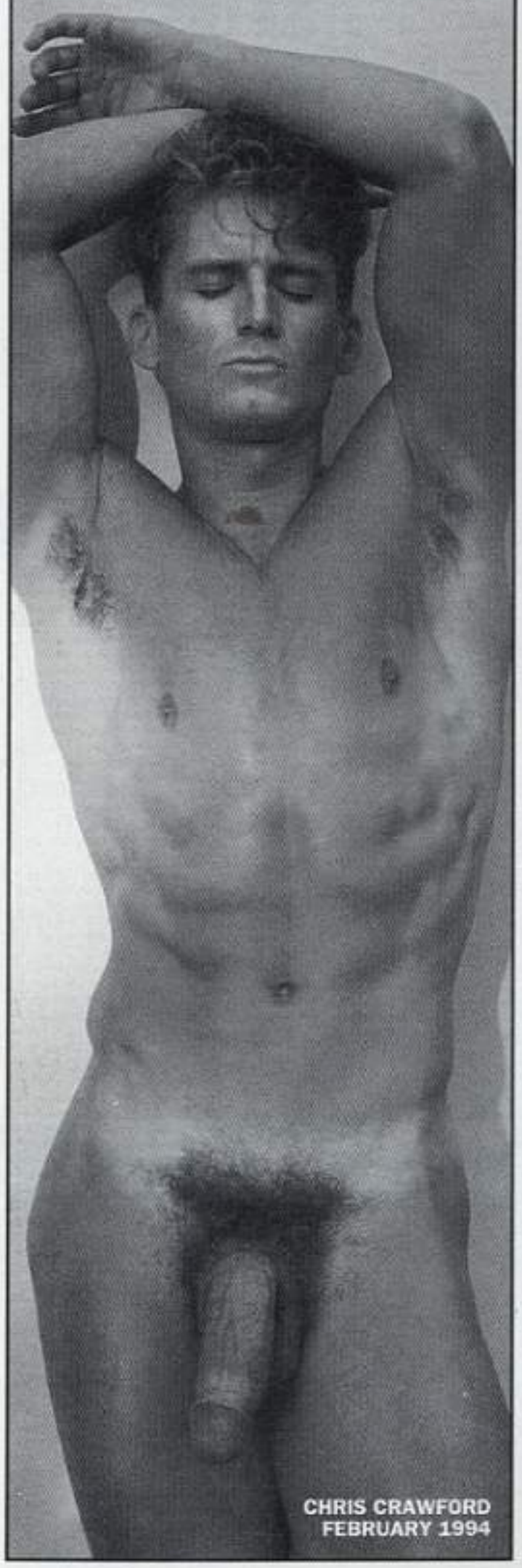

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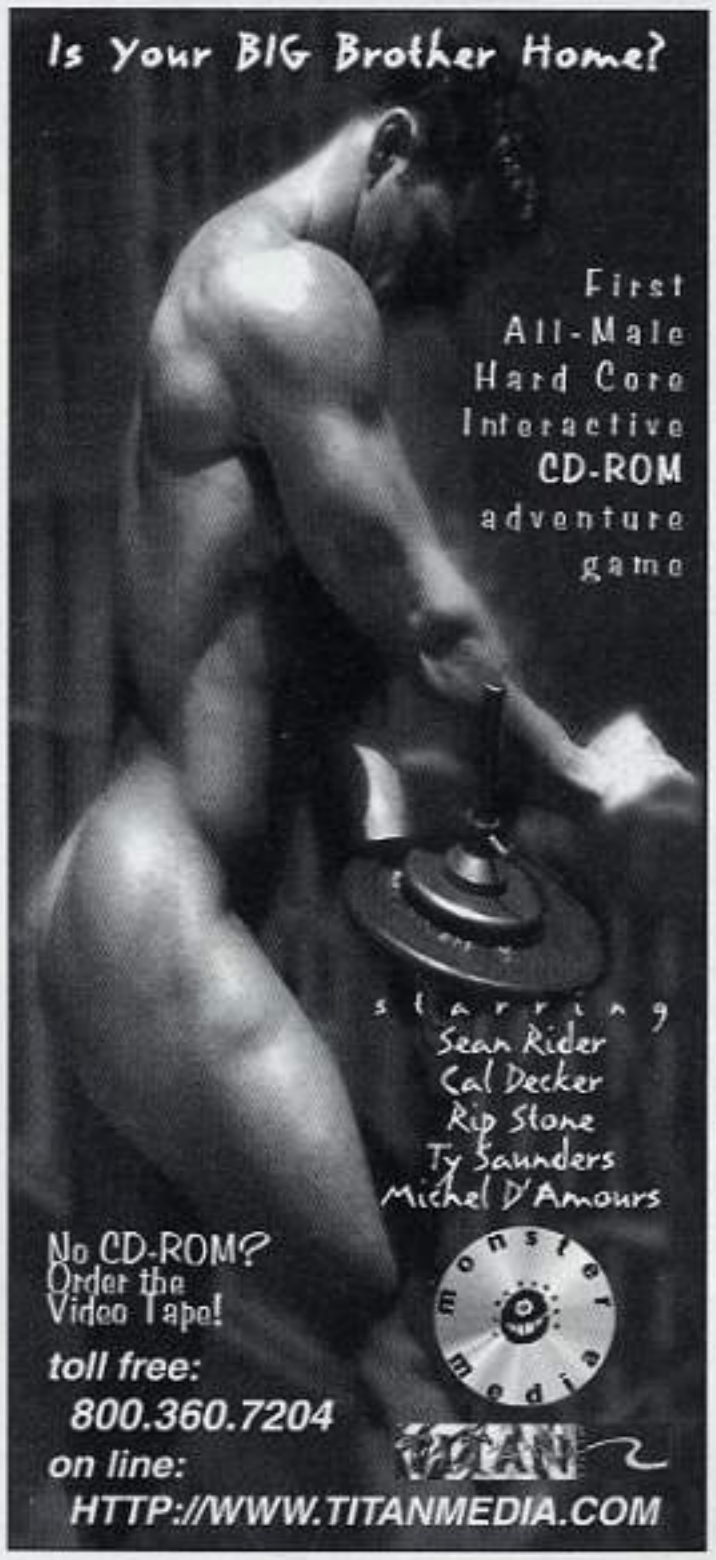

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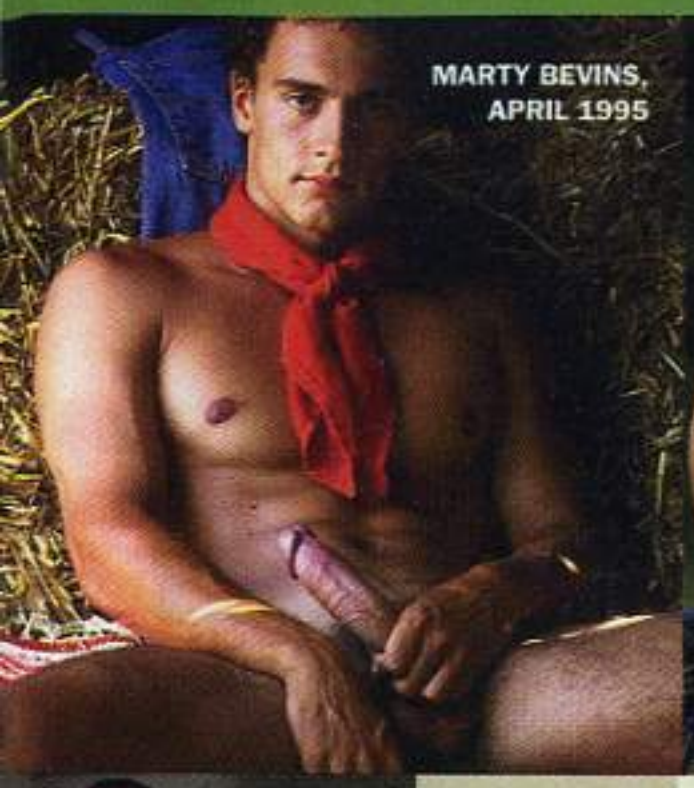

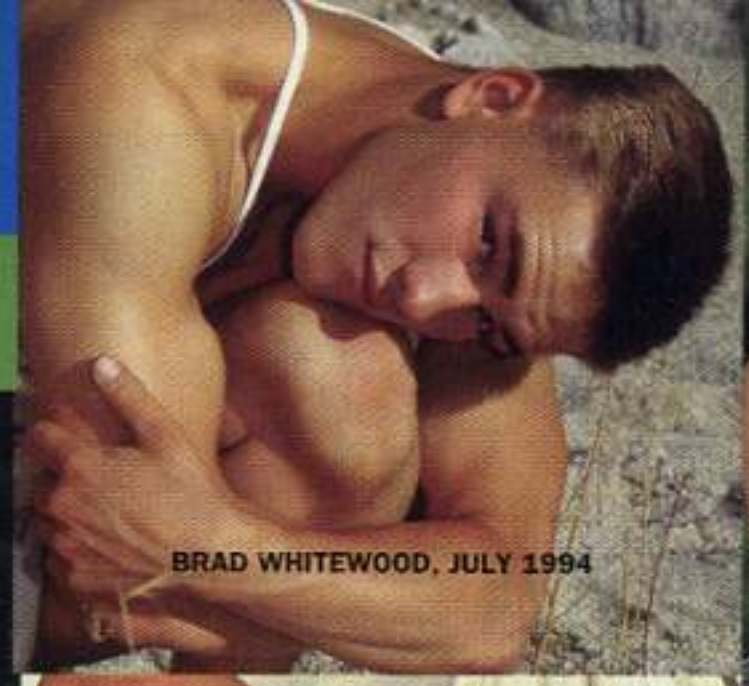

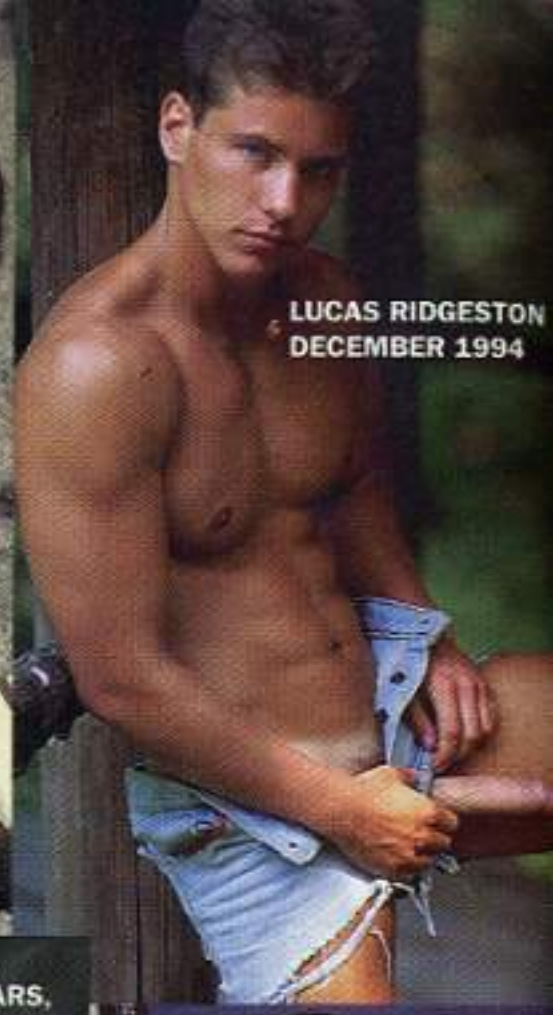

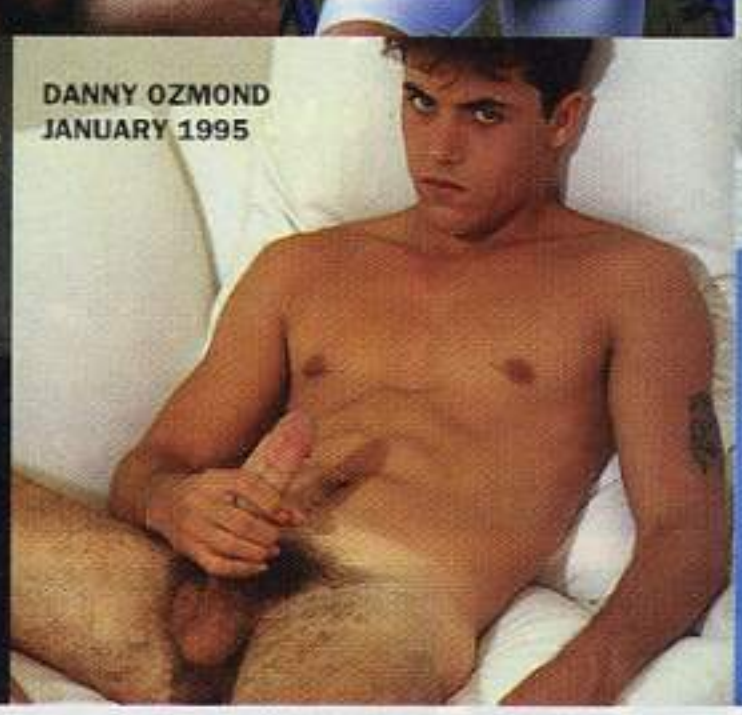

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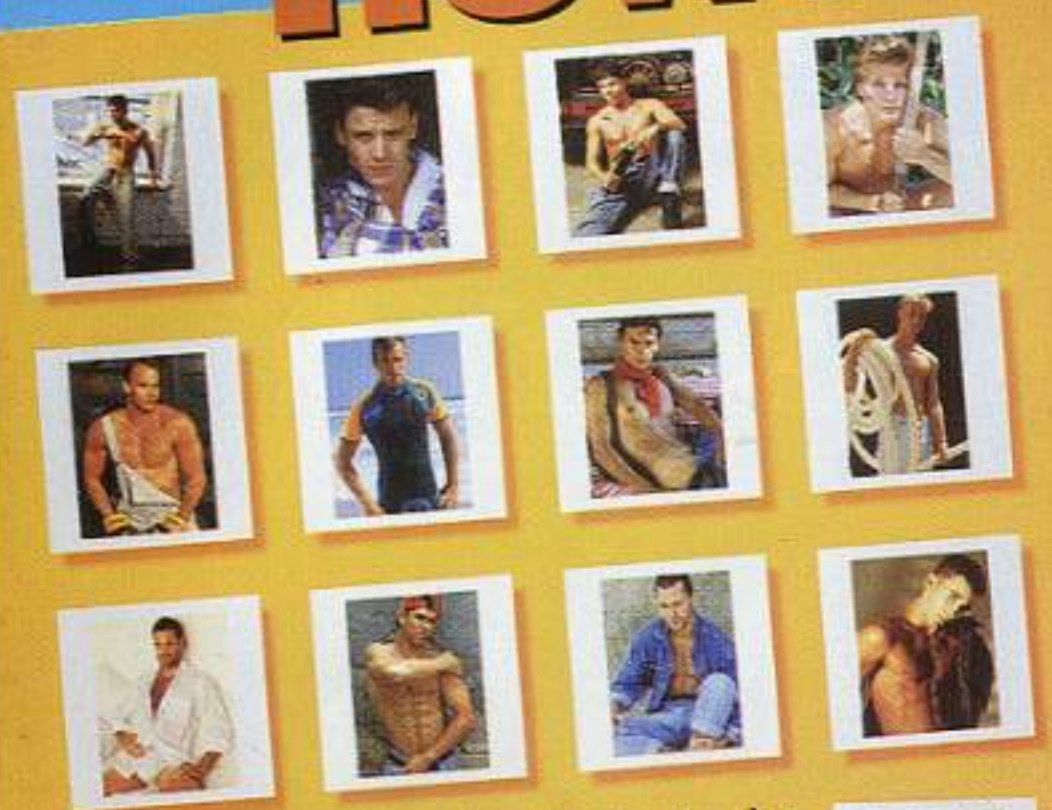
new!



16-month calendar

freshmen 1996

freshmen calendar

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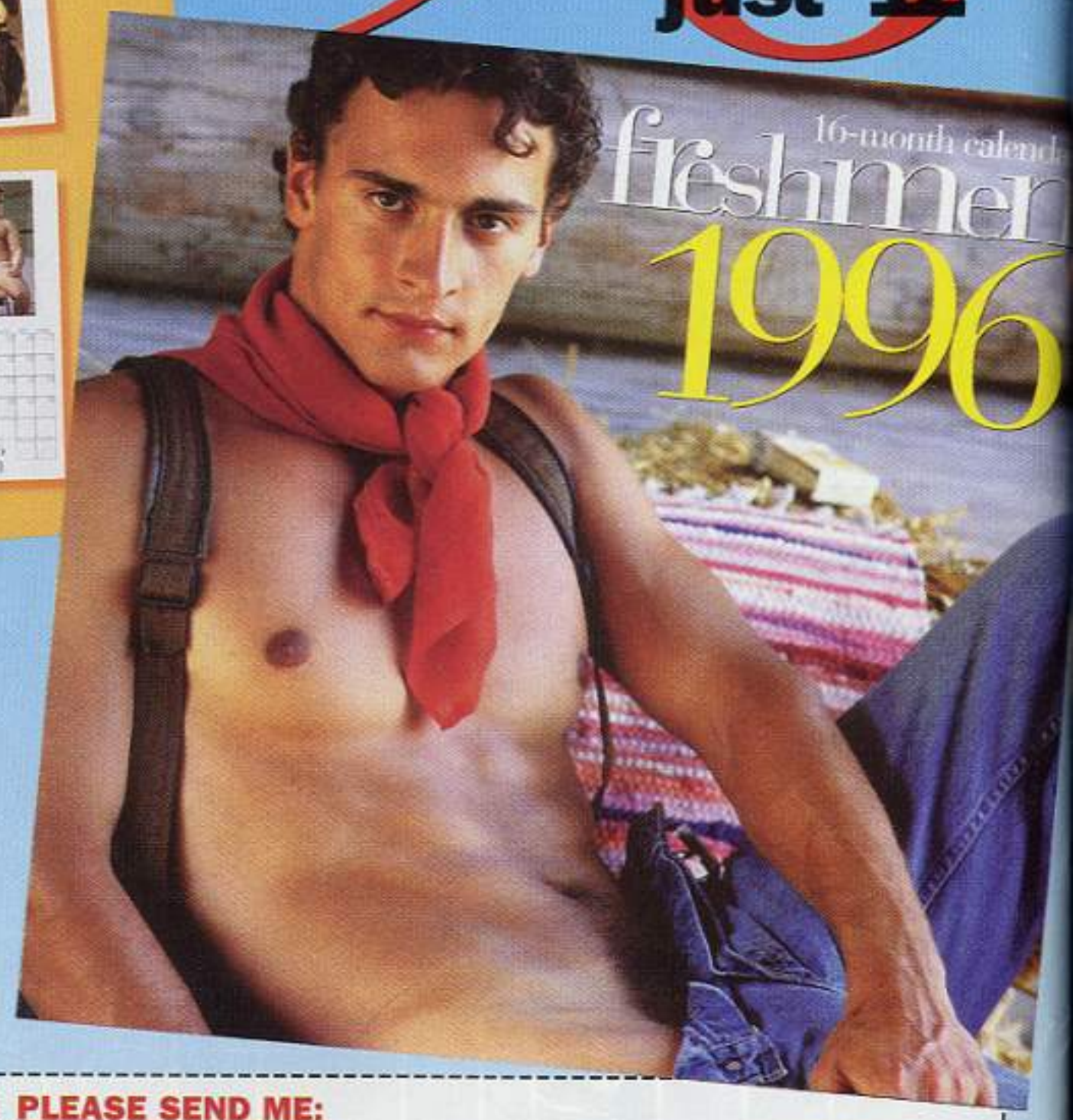

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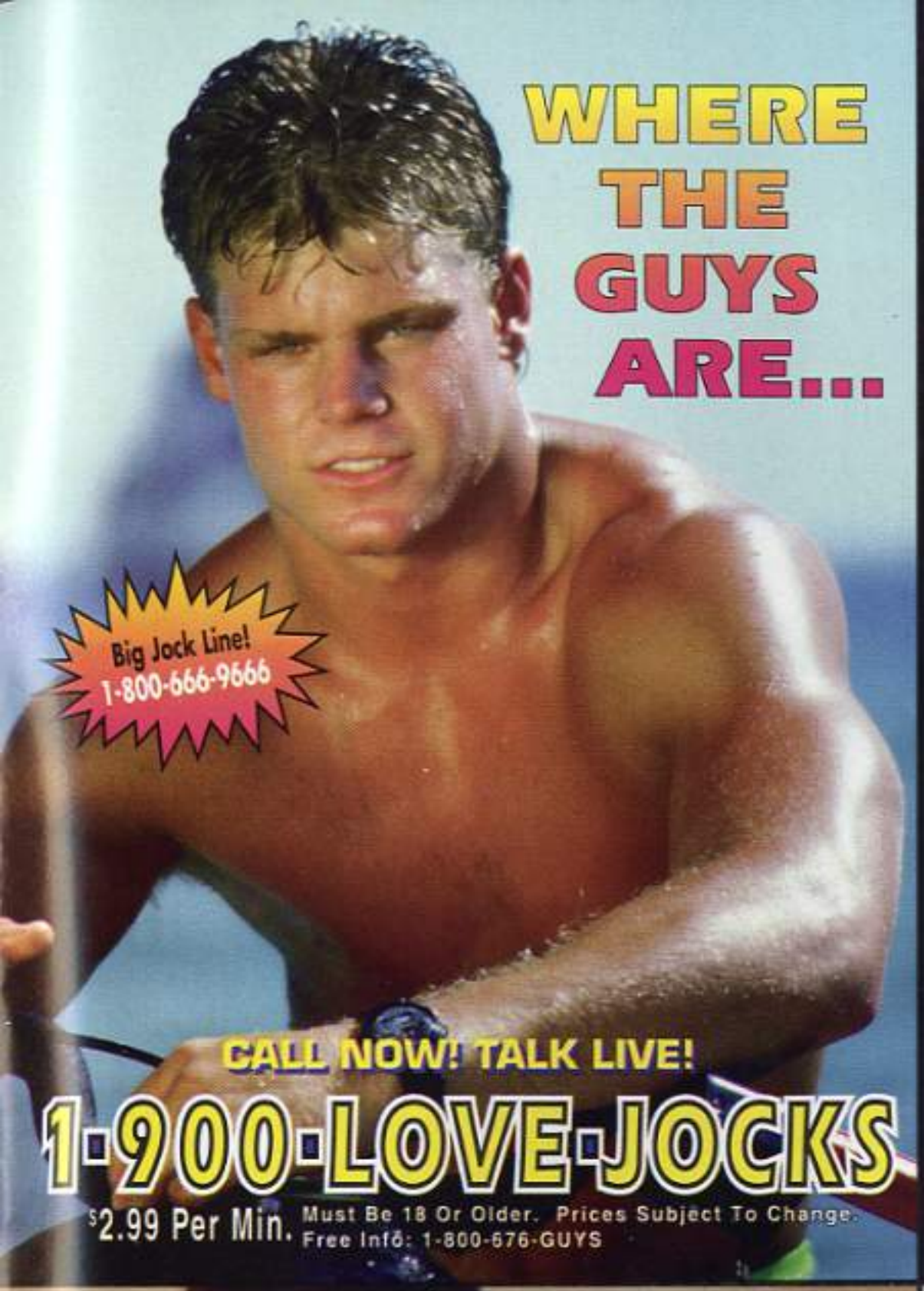
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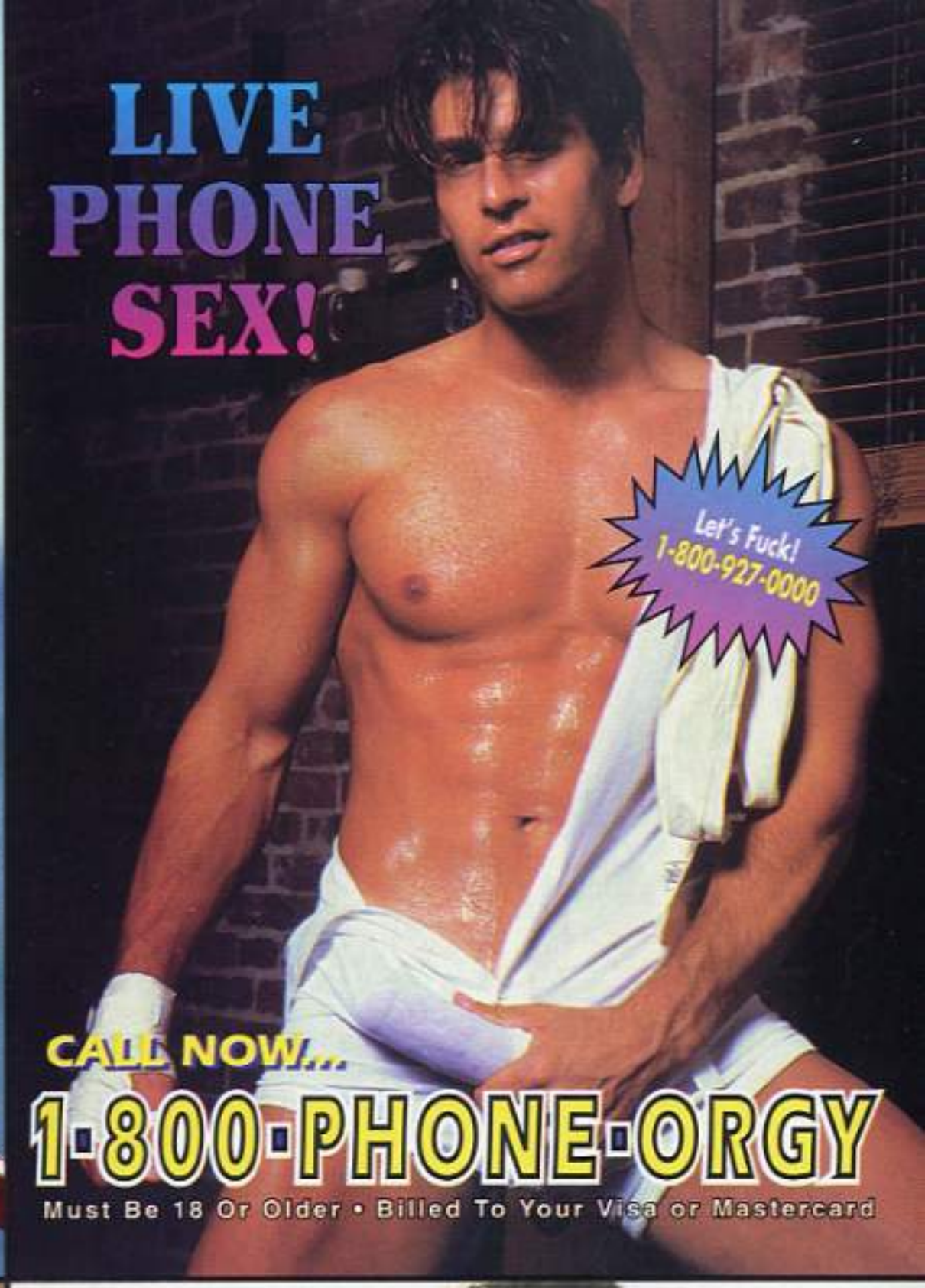
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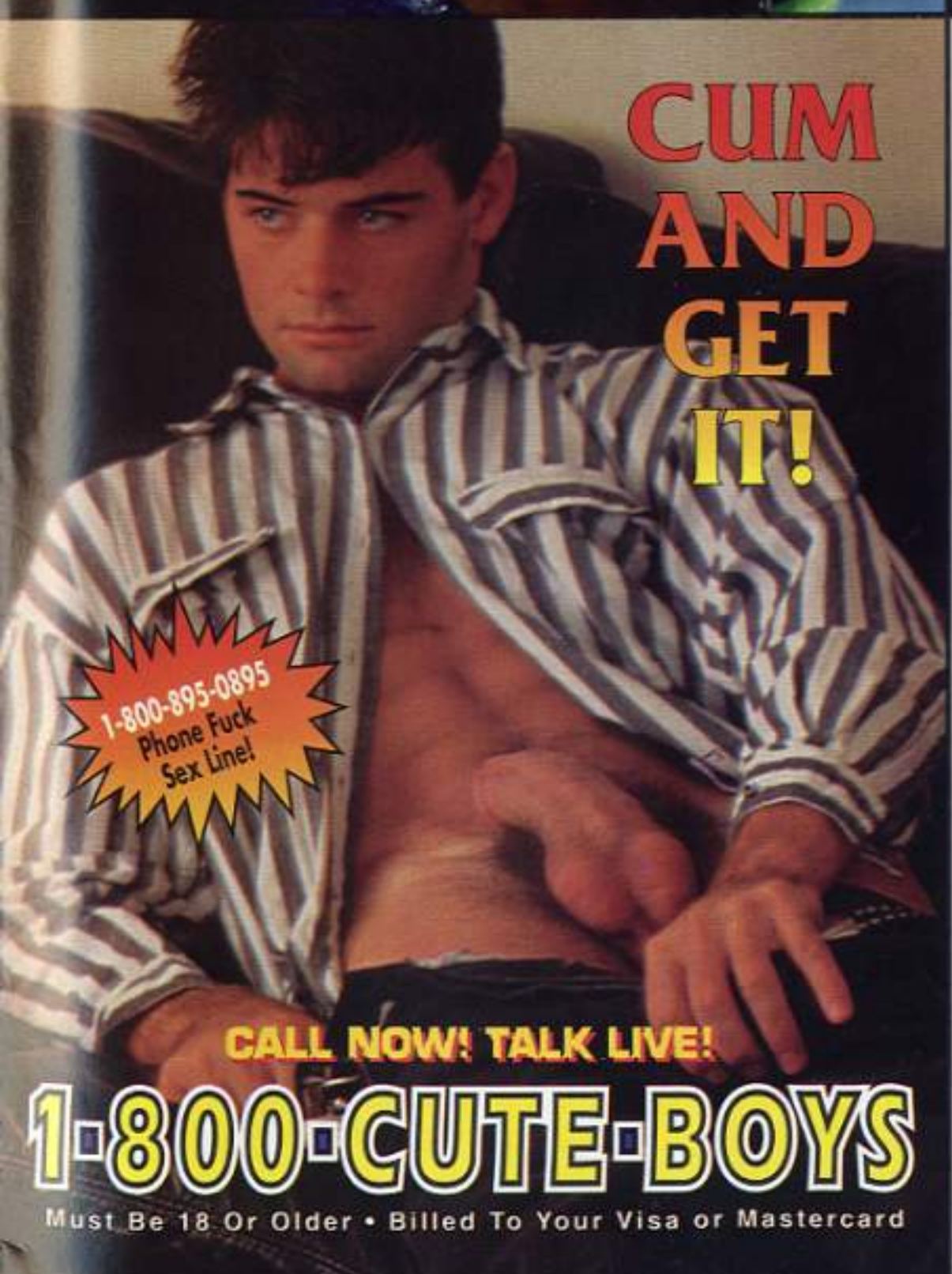
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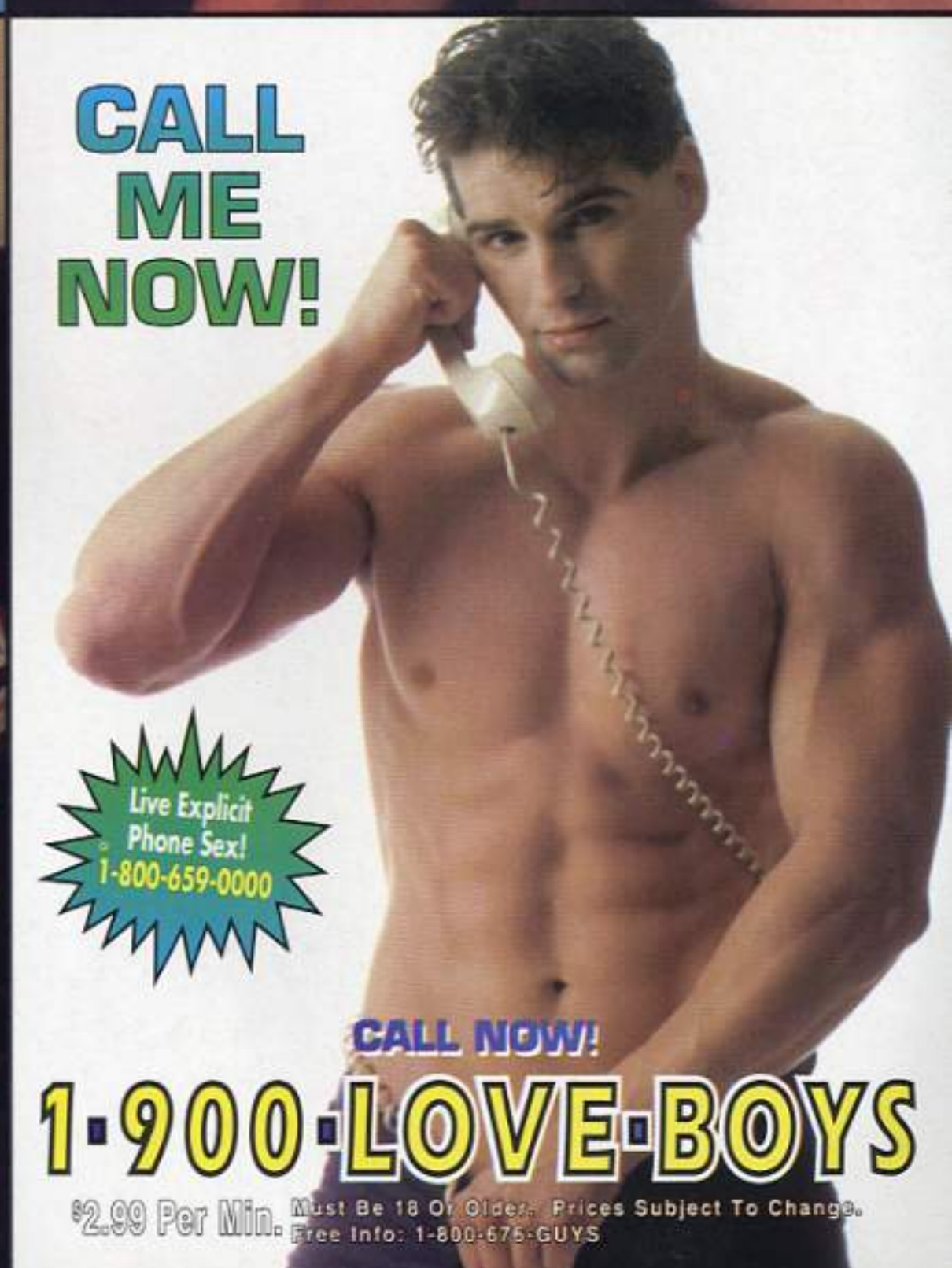
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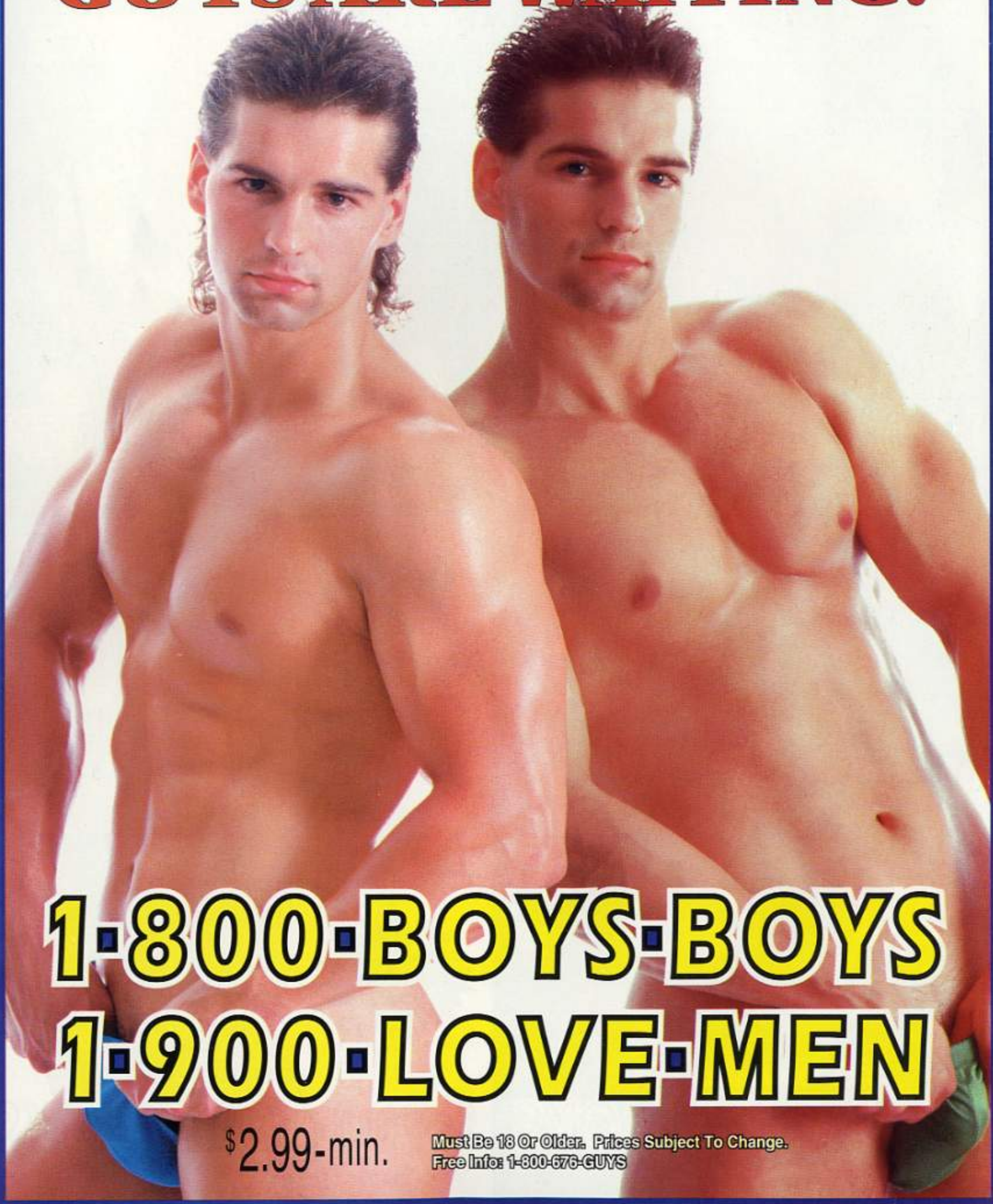

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